The Bystander, August 17, 1921

# The BYSTANDER

No. 924. Vol. LXXI.

BY ALFRED LEETE

## ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.

Try and fall in love in bathing costume. You have seen each other at the worst

## *ENTERTAINMENTS.*

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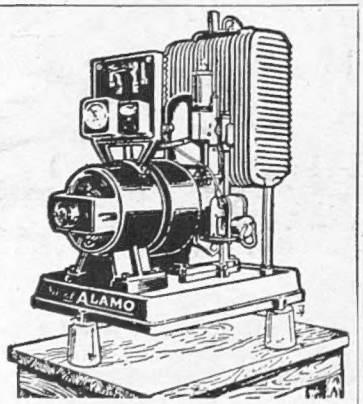


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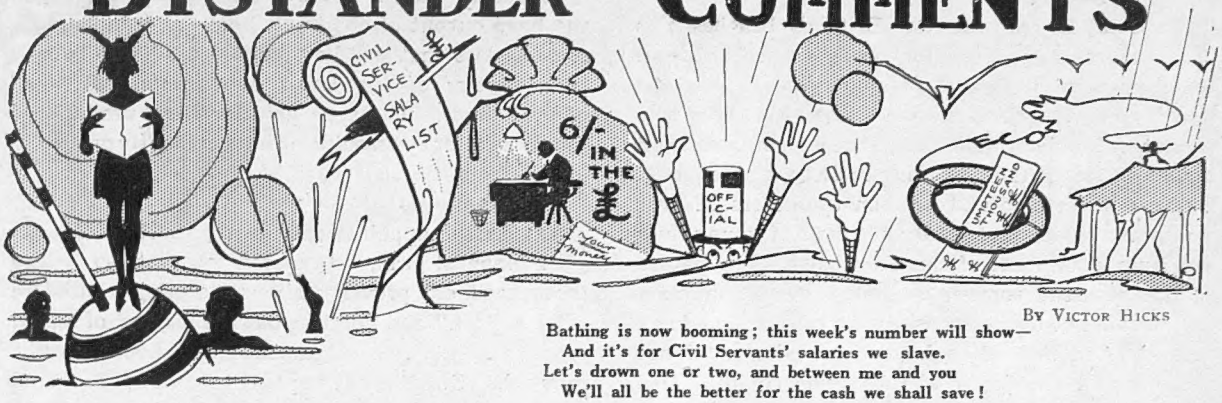
# BYSTANDER COMMENTS




By Victor Hicks

**Bathing is now booming; this week's number will show—**
**And it's for Civil Servants' salaries we slave.**
**Let's drown one or two, and between me and you**
**We'll all be the better for the cash we shall save!**

### Our Special Bathing Number

Let those blue-nosed, "all-the-year-round" fanatics of the Serpentine sing a shivering chorus in praise of chill December and icy January, for the normal Briton August is *par excellence* the bathing month. As such we hail it with a special Bathing Number, a thing we should not think of doing for the hardy Serpentinian in December, much as we may admire him. June and July, of course, have their claims. Indeed, in this wonderful year even the Serpentinians must have revelled in warm water months before their shivering season would usually have been over. This year's Bathing Girl has been smiling at us from the pages of the picture papers for ever so long. She seemed to come out again almost before she had had time to go in and get dried. Indeed, perhaps she did not, for during the winter, now I come to think of it, I saw some evening costumes which, in retrospect, suggest — however, I am not talking of winter costumes, but of bathing.

### Soap and the Sea

Bathing is one of the few absolutely natural pleasures of life. If you run through them you will find that most of our pleasures and games are inventions—such as cards—or developments of necessities—such as the pleasures of the table. Bathing and dancing—some dancing, I should say—are sheer natural delights. Please do not tell me that bathing has simply grown out of washing. The small boys who swarmed last summer to the fountains in Trafalgar Square—dry, alas! this summer—were inspired by no desire for cleanliness. It was the pure joy of bathing that called them, as it called their remote ancestors—as it probably called Adam and Eve to their first dip in the Garden of Eden. This very morning, at an early hour, I heard a mother in a seaside village call a lad back "to be washed"—he was a hundred yards down the road with a towel over his shoulder. "Wash," forsooth, what has that to do with bathing? No more than the bath, mud, Turkish, light or electric.

### The Charm of the Bathing Girl

If you are content to be misled by the photographer, and never yourself visited the shores of the British Isles in August, you might pardonably make the mistake of thinking that the call of the waves appealed only to beautiful young women, who answer it, as a rule, with mouths wide open and peals of laughter. There are many such, of course, but there are others. There are even men, young and old. But naturally they do not appeal so much to the photographer. And, after all, the bathing girl makes a strong appeal to us all.

By Fred Buchanan

ARE WE TO HAVE A *RED* FLAG DAY?

### That Silly Old Borough Councillor

It is only quite recently that she has been emancipated and may enjoy her bathe to the full. The last effort of the reactionaries failed last summer, when some silly old Borough Councillor, who wished to shoo the girls back to bathing-gowns and ropes, was laughed off half the beaches of Britain. I would suggest as an interesting and historical tableau for Madame Tussaud's a group consisting of the Borough Councillor standing between a bathing girl, in costume of, say, 1860, and Miss 1921 all ready for her swim.

*BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)*

**Learn to Swim!**

LET THE BYSTANDER on Britain's beaches this August make, just for once, a serious appeal to every man, woman, boy and girl, who has the health and strength to enjoy a bathe. Let those who cannot swim determine that another summer shall not pass without them learning to do so, and let those who can swim help and urge on the others. Never a summer passes that we do not read of young lives lost simply for want of this knowledge. The nature of the accident sometimes makes even swimming of no avail, but too often it is just a case of "couldn't swim." And how often have those who could not swim caused the death of those who could! This thought alone should make all those who go down to the sea in ships or bathing costumes determined that they will be able to look after themselves in case of need.

**Kaiser's Debt to Us**

I SEE that the ex-Kaiser has saved some £4,000,000 out of his share of the Prussian Civil List, and, in spite of this, is cutting down his sons' allowances. Recently we read how he was trying to evade the Dutch tax-collectors. I have no sympathy with his horrible sons, and very little with the Dutch tax-collectors. But I should like to hear of the Allies collecting a bit off this parsimonious land-pirate. If we took the lot, "valuable collection of silver plate" and all, it would only be a drop in the bucket of his personal debt to us. I suppose there is no way of doing it—but I am quite sure that if the Germans had won the War, they would have "assessed" every rich man in the land. Indeed, when one reads the recent speech of the Duke of Portland, and looks at the "ancient and historical homes" for sale, they seem to have done it pretty effectively as it is.

**Pernicious Periodicals**

AT last we seem to be doing some good work for the teeth of the nation, and not before it was needed, as mouth inspection of recruits during the War clearly showed. At the same time something more should be done for its eyes. I believe any child with defective sight can go to a hospital and be fixed up with spectacles. But the need for spectacles should be avoided. And first I would suggest a scrutiny of the huge output of children's books and papers of a certain class that will be familiar to all who look at the counters of the lesser newsagents and small general shops. The type used for these productions simply asks for eye trouble—and is evidently getting it.

**Super-Economist Sir Eric**

SIR ERIC'S appointment to the post of Super-Economist will, of course, suggest to many those good old proverbs about "setting a thief to catch a thief," and pointing out the efficacy of an old poacher in the rôle of gamekeeper. Looking at it from the Government's point of view, I would venture to suggest that, after their prolonged orgy of extravagance, it looks as if they were "taking a hair of the dog that bit them."

By P. F. JAMES

THE EXPERT

**"Hot and Cold"**

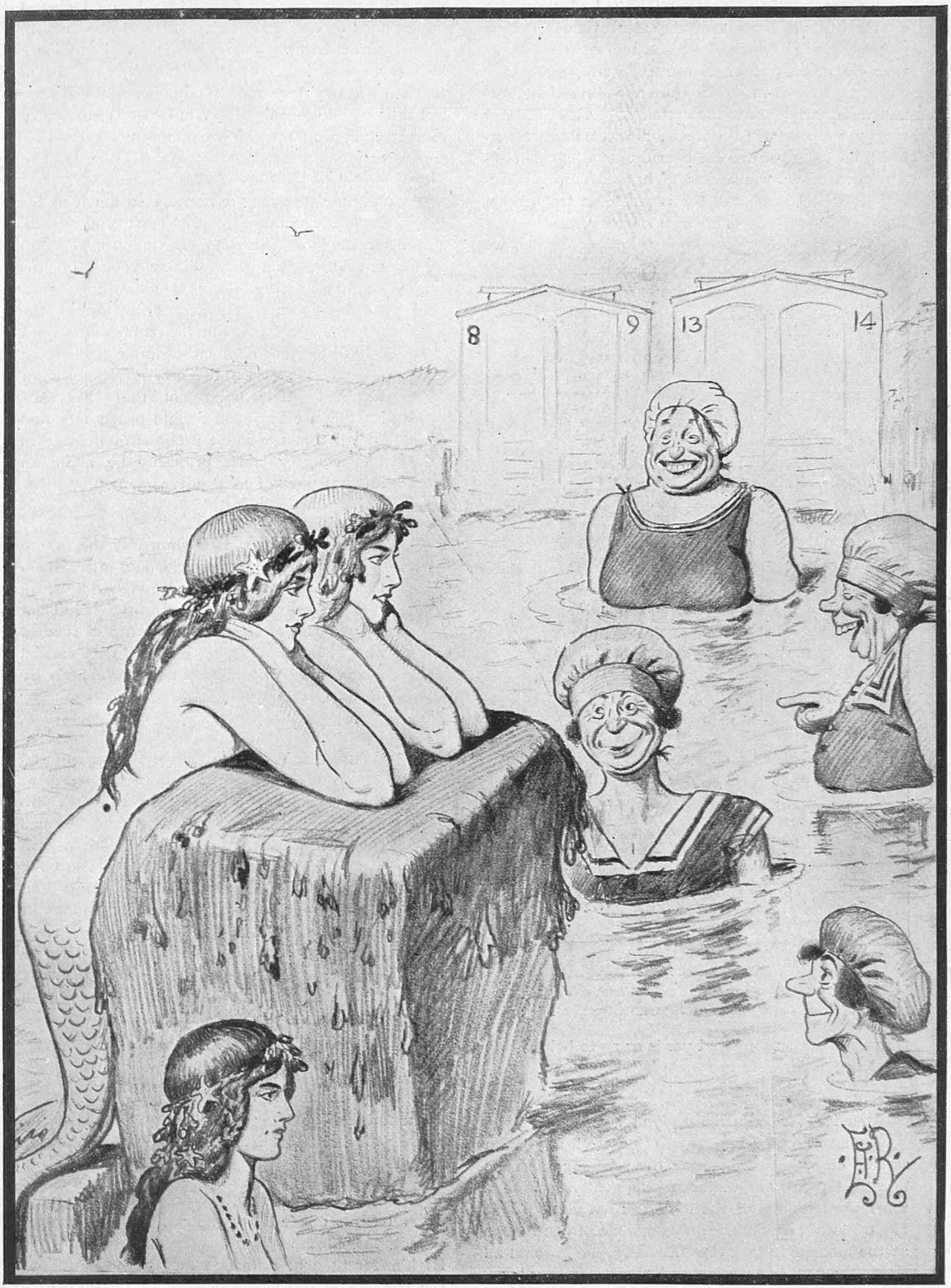
MANY years ago, when the world was young and thoroughly Victorian, and there were separate parts of every sea-shore strand, many hundreds of yards apart, where ladies and gentlemen disported themselves by "sex-tions," so to speak, I remember being instructed, complete with diagrams in chalk on a black-board, in the mysteries of heat and cold. They told us that the sea, though it took longer to get warm than the land, was nevertheless correspondingly dilatory in cooling off again. I believe these facts are still correct, though the very adequate reasons given at the time have escaped my memory. But the cold (or "hot and cold"!) fact remained in one's recollection through the years, and has always seemed to be an argument in favour of taking one's holidays late rather then early. That fact, however, is doubtless a solace to those who did not have the luck to be by the sea during the recent heat-wave, but are there now (*vide* lots of pictures in this number of THE BYSTANDER) and thoroughly enjoying their daily bathing parades.

**The Best Bathing Month**

FOR, after all, heat wave or no, August and the first part of September are *the* best bathing times in the whole year. For one thing, as explained above, the water, if it's going to be warm at all, is

(Continued on page 324)

# Figuratively Speaking, Of Course

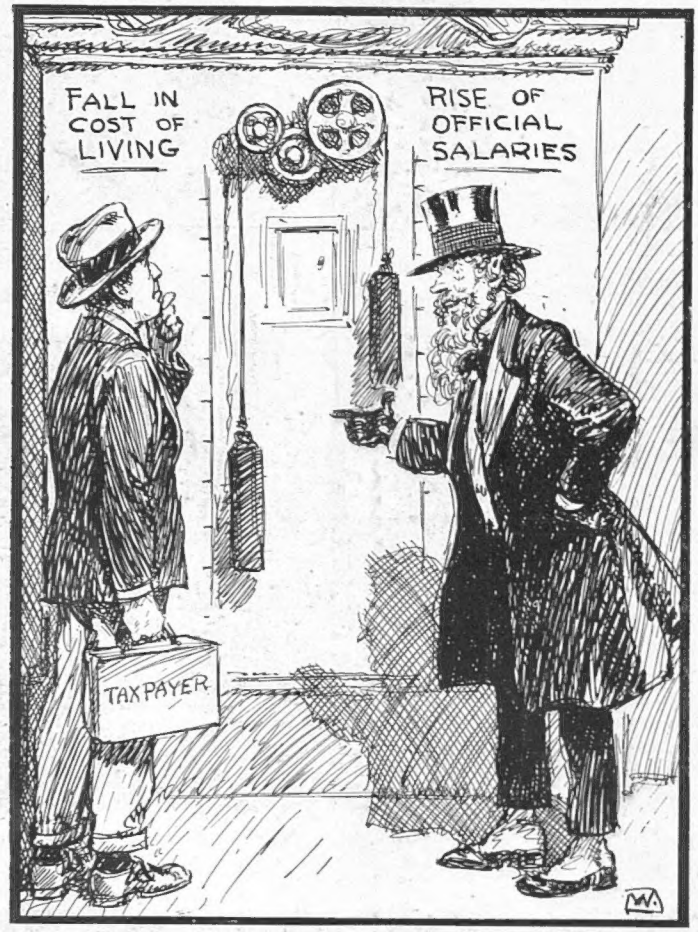



BY E. T. REED

JOVIAL NAIAD FROM NOTTING HILL (*on the right*): "Wha-at! *Them* call *them*-selves 'nimphs' and 'mermides'?!—why, that's what the picture-papers call *us*!"

*BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)*

getting thoroughly mellow in that respect, whereas in June or July there is always a bit of a "nip" in it, however hot the sun may be. And then, for another thing, August is the ideal time for that ecstatic plunge which the more adventurous of us take by moonlight on a warm evening about ten o'clock. For when, as in June and July this year, golf was possible up to 9.45 p.m., or thereabouts and reading out of doors till much later, one had to keep latish hours to get in a really truly moonlight bathe! And then, on a warm August night, there is phosphorescence on the surf, and the moon-beam track upon the water up which one gently glides seems to lead to—well, anywhere rather jolly, but, of course, we turn back after a hundred yards or so to help splash the less adventurous!




By W. E. Wigfull

**PITY THE TAXPAYER**

Government Official: "Quite automatic in its working—and altogether a Departmental idea!"

**"London-on-Sea"**

Has it ever occurred to you what a delightful place London itself might be were it actually a seaside city? Just imagine the sea, say where is now the Green Park, waves beating gently up against the lower windows of the Ritz, and bathing tents at Hyde Park Corner. The only drawback I can foresee at the moment is that the Piccadilly Clubs would all promptly double their subscriptions instanter!

**K. of K.—O.K.**

Lord Esher's new book upon Kitchener goes once more to prove that, however much experts may differ about K. of K.'s ability to run the Great War, his hold upon the great mass of the public was unique. It was obvious all along that he could know next to nothing about modern warfare—which, indeed, surprised nearly every soldier. To begin with, he was an Engineer, and he had been long out of touch with the developments of modern warfare; but if he had not been at the War Office the difficulty of recruiting would have been infinitely greater.

**The Problem of Defence**

Kitchener was wrong in nothing so much as his complete ignorance of the Territorial system and his raising of "Service" Battalions. He did not know that the military genius of this country has been—from feudal times downwards—distinctly Territorial, as, indeed, the German army was; but the *genius loci* did not appeal to K. of K., for the simple reason that he had long ceased to know anything about England. The failure of the "Service" Battalion experiment should prove once and for all that the whole problem of defence in this country must primarily be made an integral part of local government.

**Our Greatest Patriots**

How true this is is shown by the way in which the Volunteers, and after them the Territorials, have won through, despite all the critics, for they had to run the gamut not only of ridicule from civilians, but of studied neglect by the War Office. But they carried on, and I always think they have been by far our greatest patriots.

**Celt to Celt**

Short of Wales, Mr. Lloyd George will find no place more suited to his temperament than Gairloch, to which he is escaping for his much-needed holiday. The Celt is very much the same whether he is found in Ireland, Cornwall, Wales, or in the Highlands of Scotland. Ross-shire will have much to interest the Premier, not least the aspirations of people out for education. This is pathetically associated in the case of Gairloch by a very charming poem written of recent years, about "Shon" Campbell, who went to the University on a little oatmeal, and died in the process:

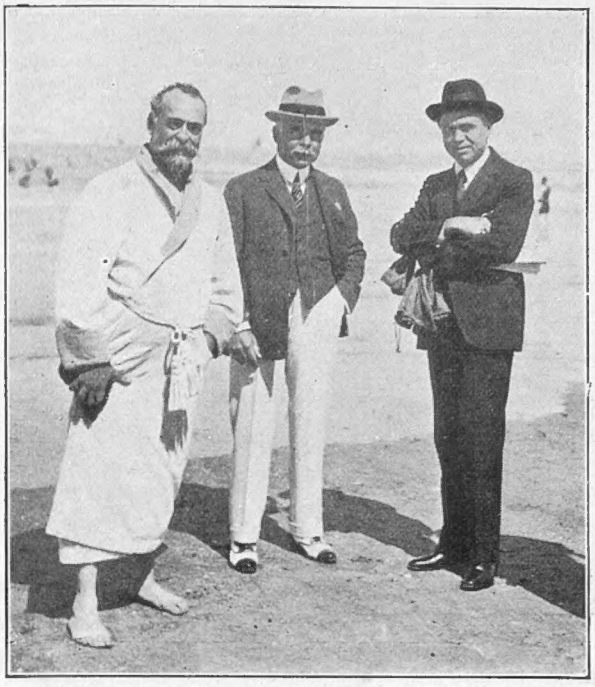
> Shon Campbell lies in Gairloch
> Unhooded and ungowned:
> The green quadrangle of the hills
> Making a friendly sound.

The unfinished career of "Shon" Campbell is the thing to spur the Prime Minister to a fine appreciation.

**Celt and Lowlander**

Englishmen, as a rule, are accustomed to lump all Scots under one qualification. As a matter of fact, the Lowland Scot is more different from the Highlander than he is from the Englishman. Thus the Highlander has not even a Doric, for he speaks English, which has been an acquired language to him, with the curious precision to be found among people taught at school to speak a foreign tongue.

# "Deauvilleing" the Time Away



AFTER THE MORNING BATHE

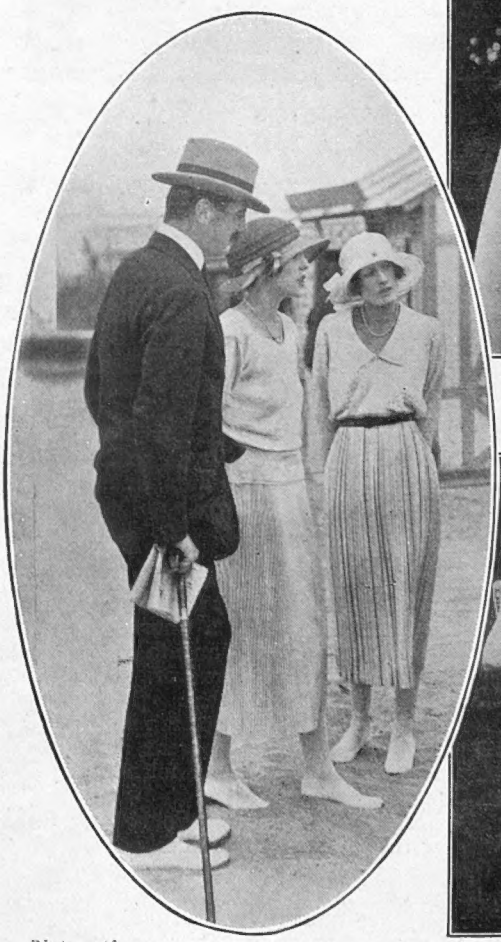
Mr. "Solly" Joel, the millionaire racehorse owner, coming from the water in his dressing gown. He is staying at Deauville on his yacht, "Eileen." Next him is Mr. Otto Kahn, the American banker, and Lord Beaverbrook. Do we see a copy of the "Daily Express" under the latter's arm?

SUR LA DIGUE

The Hon. Mrs. Patrick Macnaughten and Miss Muriel Coulshing strolling in the sun

IN THE GARDEN OF VILLA CAPRICE

The Countess of Cathcart, Earl Craven, and Mrs. Nash in the latter's glorious garden at Deauville



*Photographs*

LORD AND LADY STANLEY

With Mrs. de Trafford, who are among the many well-known Society people whiling away August before departing for Scotland next month

*Central News*

WATCHING THE POLO AT DEAUVILLE

Most of the American and English international polo players are at this favourite French resort, and consequently some good games are seen. The Duchess Decazes, Lady Victor Bullock and the Hon. Mrs. Fellowes viewing a scratch game

*Photograph* *Sport & General*

**THE BEAUFORT HUNT PUPPY SHOW**

**The Duke of Beaufort, in his invalid chair, with the Duchess, inspecting the Beaufort hounds, which were paraded after lunch on the lawn of Badminton House at the recent Puppy Show there**

*Photograph* *Central News*

**CRITICAL OBSERVERS**

**Lady Diana Somerset, with Lord Worcester and Mrs. Curzon, at the Beaufort Hunt Puppy Show last week**

# WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

## The King's Sports

YACHTING runs shooting very close in the King's affection, and if His Majesty had the privilege enjoyed by many of his subjects of being able to do what he chose with his time his summers would in all probability be largely spent in sailing his own boats. But as the King is the busiest man in the kingdom he has to be content with the week at Cowes and the occasional addition of such regattas as Ryde and Southend.

At Bolton Abbey, where he goes to stay with the Duke of Devonshire *en route* for Balmoral, the King will have good shooting. He is one of our best shots, and, unlike his father, has no liking for shooting driven birds. During the lifetime of the late Lord Walsingham there was always the question as to which was the better shot, he or the King.

There will only be a small party at Bolton where doubtless many other things will be discussed besides the day's bag, such as Canadian affairs for example.

## The Removal of the Court

THE removal of the Court from London to the Highlands is rather like the moving of an Army Headquarters on a small scale. Wherever the King may be the business of the State never ceases, so, apart from the personal luggage of the Sovereigns, of such Court officials who go to Balmoral, and of the servants, masses of documents have to go, too, and with them those who have charge of them.

Life at Balmoral is reduced to the greatest possible simplicity, but a Court is a Court wherever it is. The impedimenta of the King and Queen, however, is much less weighty than that of Queen Victoria, who took her bed with her wherever she went, and had a much larger staff of folks-in-waiting and servants.

Whilst the Court is at Balmoral couriers go daily from London bearing State papers and communications from Ministers requiring the King's attention or signature. It is very seldom, even during his *villegiatura*, with the Parliament houses standing empty and half the world a-holiday making,

that the King can count on a whole day clear from State labours.

**Signs of the Times and Taxation**

I'm glad the Duke of Portland has spoken out bluntly and plainly, because when a man in his position lifts the veil and lets the general public know the truth, it has more effect than reams of lamentation in the newspapers.

The Duke said definitely that unless the burden of taxation is lessened the next Duke of Portland will be unable to live at Welbeck. Certainly, the position of the landowner to-day is the hardest of any class in the country. I told you some little time ago that after one of our dukes—reputed to be one of the richest men in the country—has paid all the taxes, rates, etc., on his remaining property, and the income tax, he has exactly 4*s.* 6*d.* left out of every £ of his income. In his case there are so many four and sixpences that, personally, he suffers comparatively little. But the lesser folk are suffering badly.

The invariable advice given to landowners squeezed to desperation by the existing taxation is "sell." But what are you going to do if you have a big house that is unsaleable? The Government won't take it in lieu of taxes. I know of two instances where big country houses, which their owners cannot afford any longer to maintain, have been offered as gifts to County Councils, just as the late Duke of Sutherland offered Trentham. In both cases they were refused because of the cost of upkeep. The only alternative is

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**AT THE ROYAL DUBLIN HORSE SHOW**

**The Lord-Lieutenant and Lady FitzAlan, with Lord Rathdonnell and the Hon. F. Wrench at the Royal Show last week**

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**LADY EDINA AINSWORTH**

**And Lady Helen McCalmont, with whom she was staying for the Dublin Horse Show. Lady McCalmont entertained a large house party**

*Photograph* *Topical Press*

**THE EARL OF ENNISKILLEN (right)**

**Who was staying at Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw's house at Summerton, Co. Dublin, for the Royal Horse Show**

*Photograph* **WALKING TO THE SHOW** *Topical Press*

**Although it rained, rather inconsiderately, on the first day, the Dublin Horse Show was a great success, attended largely by the many people staying in Ireland for the event. Lady Rachel Sturgis and Mrs. and Miss Wyndham-Quin venturing out between showers**

to let the house fall into ruins or get what you can for it from the housebreaker. A pleasant alternative this, say, to an heir who has fought all through the War and is deprived of his inheritance because the class to which he belongs is being ground out of existence!

Can you wonder that the younger generation, who have been scarified so thoroughly by their elders in letters to the *Times*, have an increasing distrust of those elders and the political and social *formulæ* to which they still cling, although they are as dead as cold mutton?

*Photograph* *Elliot and Fry*

**FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE**

**Comtesse Isabelle de Lalaing, whose marriage to Lieutenant Baron Gustave de Mevius, Belgian Military Air Force, Belgian and French Croix de Guerre, elder son of Baron de Mevius, Senateur, takes place in Brussels on August 30. Comtesse Isabelle is the only daughter of the late Count de Lalaing, G.C.V.O., formerly Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Belgium at the Court of St. James's**

*Photograph* *Bassano, Ltd.*

**A NAVAL WEDDING**

**Miss I. M. B. Perry, daughter of the late Arthur M. Perry, of Southport, Lancashire, and her husband, Lieut. Thomas Edmund Docksey, R.N., after their marriage at St. Katherine's, Ickleford. With them, Lieut. J. Hartley, standing next the bridegroom, and Lieut. J. F. Ward Tamblin and Lieut. G. E. C. H. Clayton**

*Photograph* *G. P. U.*

**SCOTTISH WEDDING AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE**

**Captain Ivan Guthrie, son of Captain and Mrs. Guthrie, of Guthrie Castle, and Miss Mona Gough, younger daughter of the late Col. the Hon. George Gough and the Hon. Mrs. Gough, of Grosvenor Place, leaving St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, after their marriage last week**

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**THE RAM FAIR AT OXFORD**

**Mr. McCall, Mrs. Fitzroy, and the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough at the Oxford Fair. The Duchess of Marlborough had a strenuous day manipulating cinema cameras and inspecting the prize cattle**

Any number of people in smaller country-houses are only able to live in them for one half of the year by letting them for the other half. A sign of the times is the forthcoming volume of *Burke's Landed*

*Gentry*. The last volume appeared in 1914, and the changes in the ownership of property have been so many in the last seven years that the revision required is greater than that at any time since the first publication, eighty-four years ago.

However, there is this comfort. You all remember the burst of societies and associations just after the War to make everybody better than they could be or wanted to be. Well, they seem to be fizzling out, most of them. And I suspect the reason is that the old women in petticoats and trousers who ran them because they had nothing else to do find that income tax lays an embargo on bus fares and postage stamps.

### Getting a Bit of Their Own Back

A FRIEND just returned from Germany tells me that Wiesbaden is crowded, and that the majority of the visitors are French. He expressed his surprise to a well-known Paris *boulevardier*, notoriously anti-German, whom he met there.

"*Mais, mon ami, que voulez-vous ?*" was the immediate answer. "The Germans owe us millions. They do not pay. The exchange is most favourable to French people. Wiesbaden is charming. We all want cures. So why not take your cure and your holiday at the cheapest possible rate? Besides, it is getting a little bit of our own back!"

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

VISITING WELBECK ABBEY

**In view of the Duke of Portland's recent pessimistic speech to his tenants, the question arises: "How much longer will house-parties at this historic mansion be given?" May we hope—for many a long year. Seated, is the Duchess of Portland, Lord Francis Cavendish-Bentinck, and the Duke of Portland**

*Photograph]* PRIZE-WINNERS OF THE HERTS HUNT PUPPY SHOW *[Photo Press*

**At The Kennels, Kinsborne Green, near Luton. From left to right can be seen, standing: Mr. W. Hartop; Mr. S. Hill; Lord Ludlow; Mrs. Beechener, of Barton; Mr. Daniel Hall, of Offley; Mr. H. M. Godfrey. Sitting, left to right: Mrs. W. Hartop; Mrs. Hill; Viscountess Hampden; Lady Ludlow; Hon. Miss Brand, holding Viscount Hampden's prize cup; Mrs. H. M. Godfrey; Hon. Miss Brand (daughter of Viscountess Hampden); and Mrs. Hall, of Offley**

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**COLOSSI OF FLEET STREET**

**Lord Northcliffe with his editor, Mr. Wickham Steed (who, when in England, has direction of the "Times") leaving White House after being received by President Harding**

At Marienbad, I hear, you can live *à la* Ritz and *à la* Carlton for something a little over five shillings English a day if you care to face the most annoying and pernicketty passport regulations.

### A Young Man, Eggs, and the Bath Water

I COMMEND this little history to you as quite the latest thing in ingenuity. There is a young man who has a bachelor flat in a "Service Mansion." He was leaving London for the North by a very early train, and, as breakfast is unobtainable in his abode before a certain hour, he ordered bread and butter, tea, and a couple of eggs to be put out overnight, saying he would make the tea and boil the eggs himself upon the gas-ring.

But when he woke in the grey dawn and set about his cooking, lo! there was not a match in the place. He was in despair. Then a brain-wave came to him. The water in the bath tap was always unbearably hot. He filled his teapot thereat. Then came another wave. If hot water made tea why shouldn't it boil eggs? The only point was to keep the eggs in the water. There ingenuity spoke again. He tied the soap-dish under the tap, put the eggs in the dish, and turned on the hot water.

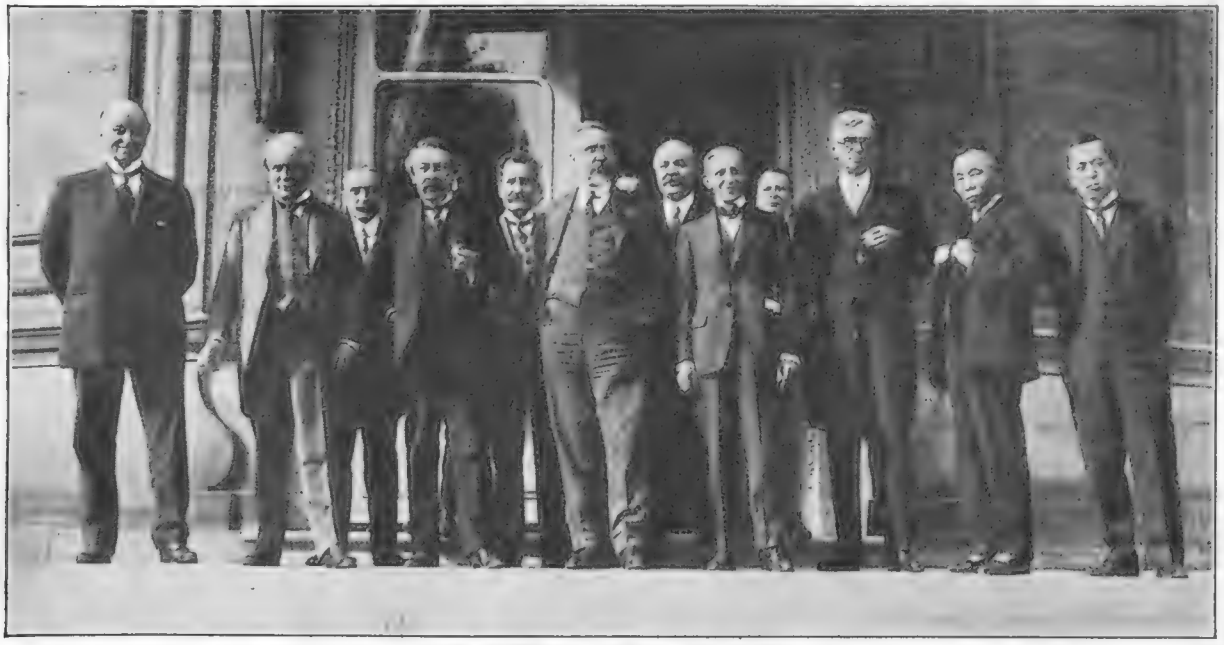
When he was dressed, some twenty minutes later, he thought the eggs must be done, but, alas! for his ingenuity, they were only half-boiled. He had forgotten to keep on turning them!

That morning the five occupants of the other flats had cold baths. All the hot-water supply had been poured over those two eggs!

*Photograph* *Central News*

**BARON DE ROTHSCHILD**

**Prior to a game of polo at Deauville, where he is staying during "the bathing month"**



**THE SUPREME COUNCIL IN PARIS**

**While Society holidays at Deauville and elsewhere, the big Brains of Britain and the allied countries cudgel to keep international peace and decide momentous matters. From left to right the different Prime Ministers and political "powers" will easily be recognised: Lord Curzon, Mr. Lloyd George, M. Briand, Signor Bonomi, Mr. Harvey and Viscount Hayashi photographed on the terrace of the Foreign Office**

# A Damsel in Distress!

BY REGINALD HIGGINS

THE WRONG ROCKS

SO SILLY; ISN'T IT?

"Excuse me! I know your name so well, but I can't remember your face!"

By Chas. Chilcot

# "Selling a Play!"

BY PHILLIP BEAUFOY

EVERYBODY told me that managers simply wouldn't look at plays by unknown writers. However, I told myself that this was mere professional bitterness. Having finished my three-act comedy I set out for the Piccadilly Theatre. I intended to force my way into the office of the manager, and, if possible, read the play to him.

*En route* to the theatre my tooth began to ache aggressively. I had long intended to have it extracted. I reflected that if I showed some courage perchance the gods would reward me by getting the play accepted.

The dentist proposed gas. I assented. A few seconds later, after a dreamless sleep, he was showing me a huge molar. I paid him, and departed westwards.

To my intense delight I found that everything I had been told about the ways of theatres was wrong. The stage-doorkeeper did not glare at me. He said politely that he would see if Mr. Dudley Davenport was disengaged. He returned almost immediately and ushered me into the Presence.

Davenport did not snap at me, as someone had predicted, nor did he say he was very busy. He held out his hand—gave me a cigarette—and enquired my business.

"Extraordinary thing," he beamed. "Do you know we were just looking for a new play? I've heaps in these drawers—millions, but they're no good. Er—what about this thing of yours?"

"Will you let me read you the first act?" I asked.

He nodded encouragingly.

During the reading Davenport listened with great attention. He laughed heartily, and always in the right place. Once he actually applauded. Great Haig! How different his behaviour from the supposed behaviour of these people! It was shameful, I reflected, that disappointed authors should solace their feelings with these shameful libels.

"Perhaps you would rather hear the second and third acts another time?" I enquired.

"No, no!" he almost shouted. "Finish it now. I believe there's some money in this show if you can keep it up to the level you've started at."

One hour later I had finished.

"How much do you want?" he asked, abruptly.

I paused. I had no intention of selling my work too cheaply, as other beginners did.

"What about £500 down and 10 per cent. on all receipts?" I asked, airily. "I would, of course, retain the Colonial, American, and film rights."

I expected him to jib at this. They had told me that all managers were hardened sweaters. But he did not seem to mind.

"H'm! That seems about right," he observed. "Wonder if you'd have any objection to the contract being drawn up at once?"

"Perhaps it might be advisable," I replied, almost grudgingly.

He rang for the typist. Ten minutes later the document was signed and witnessed.

I could now expand a little.

"You managers have been grossly misrepresented, sir," I said. "I shall make it my business to undeceive the world. I shall reveal how an entirely new author received a royal welcome."

We laughed.

*Photograph* *Clarence Ponting*

PUNTING AT PANGBOURNE

**What more can we say?**

"Have a drink meantime," he suggested.

The soda fizzled in the glass. I raised it joyously.

"Success to the play!" I remarked.

"Don't drink it! Spit it out!" said someone. It wasn't the manager.

I opened my eyes and saw the dentist.

. . . . .

P.S.—The play is still for sale!

P. B.

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## From Our Pessimist

OWING to the prolonged drought many ladies have been seen at the seaside without their hose!

* * *

"NEW Holiday Spirit," runs a headline. We've ordered a bottle to take with us.

* * *

OUR meteorological expert predicts innumerable storms in boarding-house teacups. Depressions will set in following the presentation of accounts!

* * *

WILL all those who desire to set the Thames alight please note that now is the time, as it is fast drying up?

* * *

1,715 PEOPLE from the defunct Ministry of Munitions are on the staff of the Treasury, "'winding-up' war work." For fear it should "stop" altogether, no doubt!

* * *

A BUSINESS man thinks "business is the best sport." Summer Sales are certainly an excellent feminine equivalent of Rugby football.

* * *

NEW Port For Poland, says a contemporary. They're welcome to it. We like our's old and tawny!

* * *

ACCORDING to a morning paper the Government is "Dropping the Housing Plank." The fact that they possess a plank makes some of the critics who have been fuming over the delay look particularly silly.

* * *

"THERE is no such thing as unanswered prayer," states an archdeacon. In that case we strongly advise certain Income-tax officials, landlords, and Rate collectors to put their affairs in order without further delay.

# THE BYSTANDER AT DEAUVILLE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

"The obstinacy of the guardians of the Deauville waves"

## What is the Sea there for, anyway, Eugène?

MES AMIS—

ONE has heard of a bather who has been so peculiar as really to bathe at Deauville; but faintly, as of the erring member of a most strict or Presbyterian family who has done some awful thing which has not ever been completely expiated. The dark hints have been permitted to fall that he has been conserved in the *musée secret* of the Hotel Normandy in the company of the lady who has not had her photograph taken in a bathing costume. But not anyone of this present generation possesses more than the hazy information upon the subject, and M. Cornuche and Fred are most frigidly reticent.

IF it has truly taken place—as credibly reported — one is thoroughly amazed by the wonderful boldness of the bather. His courage is of the sort that conquers kingdoms. For one has never been quite sure to whom belongs the sea at Deauville and whether to swim therein is not to commit the trespass upon the private property. There is not any moor on which the pheasants strut which is so protected against the intrusion. And there are not in the whole of stubborn Scotland the dour "keepers" who can equal the obstinacy of the guardians of the Deauville waves.

IT is a fact that the sea has existed at this *plage* before the Casino. But the Casino has now assumed its protection, and in the consequence it must only be taken in the small doses. One has not yet arrived at the stage where it is put in the bottles like the waters of Vichy or of Evian. But the people who have "created" Deauville are full of the ingenuity, and the day may not be impossibly distant when the cut-glass bottles of the Deauville water shall be sold as "the dearest in the world." Which designation will, *bien entendu*, be the best of all possible recommendations.

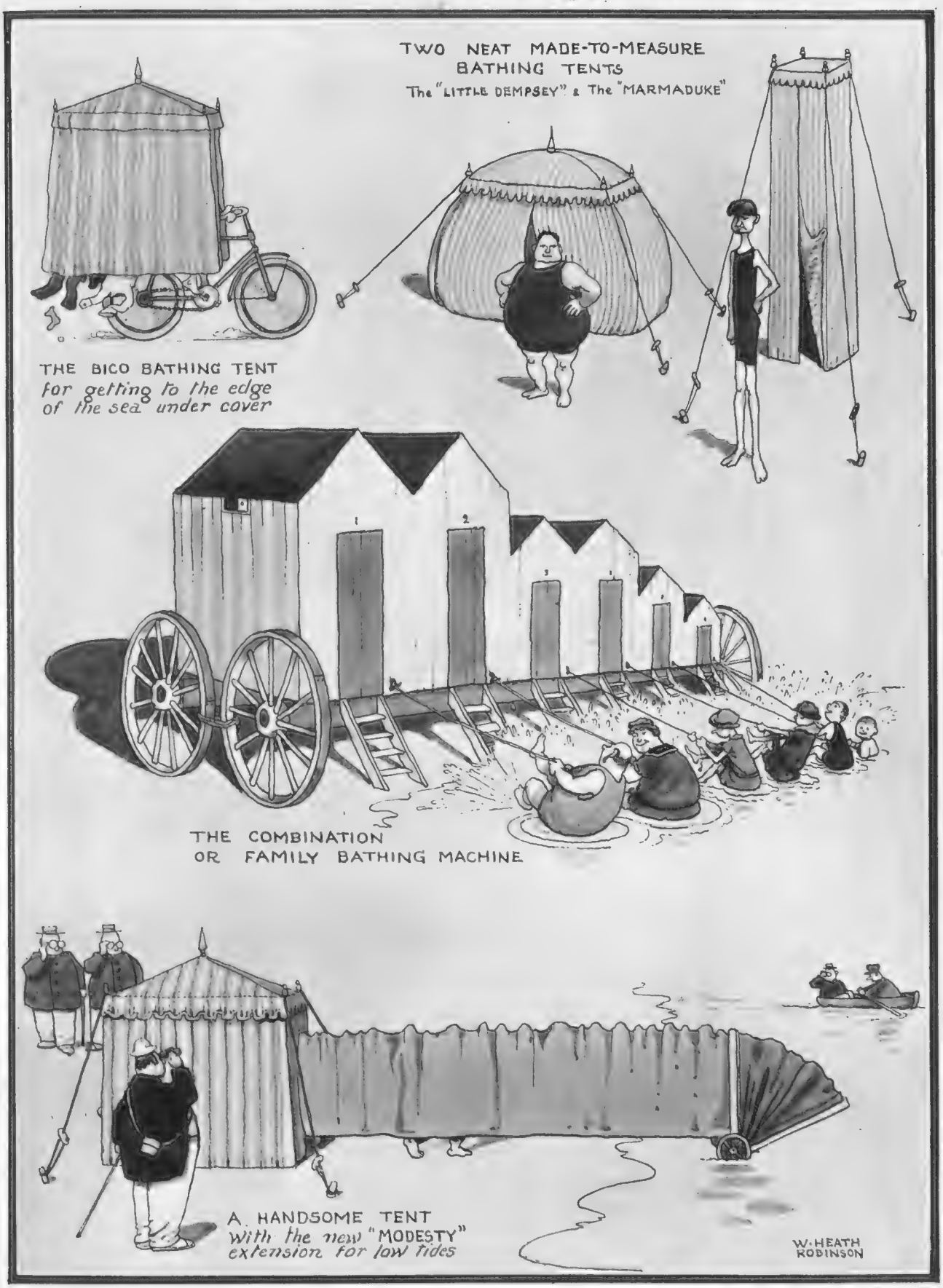
IT has appeared to one that the Bolshevists have the opportunity to get the evens with the hated Deauville by a suit to restrain the wrongful employ of their long-established trade-mark. For it is with the Red Flag of the Communists that the sacred waters are guarded. It is most clearly against the principles of the fair-play that the restrictions shall be imposed under the cover of the flag of the "All for each." The Commissaries of the Deauville waters may, of course, put up the defence that they bear well and truly the standard of the Terrorism. On this point they would have not the least difficulty in the establishment of their contention. For they employ all the mannerisms of Moscow. Yet one feels that they would not be able to sustain the justification to protect by the Communal colours the sanctity of the private property.

"Conserved in the *musée secret*"

I HAVE heard in a song in England that the land has been "made for the people." And it has always been understood that in the mind of the poet the land has included the sea. But in this tiny strip of fair Normandy something appears to have gone wrong with the natural order. It has made one sigh for the advent of a greater President Wilson. When President Wilson has talked about the "freedom of the seas," there has not been anyone in France who has not been prepared to give it to him. Except Deauville. Even the British, who have from the childhood sung that the sea is England's glory, and that Britannia rules the waves, have imposed upon themselves the limitations.

(*Continued on page 336*)

# "Tent"ative Suggestions




BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

## SOME NEW SEASON'S MODELS

## THE BYSTANDER IN DEAUVILLE (*concluded*)

"To be sold as the dearest in the world"

They have not sought to prevent us from to swim in it. They have, in fact, been objectionably insistent that we should be all the better if we should swim less rarely in it.

But the Dictators of Deauville permit visitors to enjoy about as much sea as one can comfortably dabble the toes in. The remainder of the local ocean—that portion that one is able to swim in—is forbidden, and woe betide the intrepid stranger who seeks to overcome the vigilance or the adamancy of the protectors. If he succeeds to get behind the back of the man in the boat by the trick to swim under the water he has no sooner come up to take a breath than he is discovered by a Commissary on the shore, who sounds a trumpet call that rattles all the *boule* machinery in the Casino. And the trumpeter continues to sound terrifyingly while the Commissary in the boat gives the chase. This boat commissary is clad in the fearsome garb of a red flannel shirt, which he wears over oilskins, and despite the absence of a knife from between his teeth, he has the looks not the less scarifying than those of Trotsky. One must be, indeed, bold to have the audacity to argue with him. Most of the offenders, of course, do not.

That is the sort of adventure on the windless days — on the days when the waves possess just enough of the force to flip-flop gently over the beach. But on the days when the wind blows more than a capful, as the sailors say, one is forbidden to enter the water at all. I have last week participated in an incident which has caused the great horror and dismay to the rulers of the Deauville waves — these comrades of the red shirt. We have been three bathers in number, and have thought to have a laugh on the Commissaries because the waves have made the splash on the near side of the boundary boat, instead of the habitual trickle. We have even dared to think that we should enjoy the sting of the surf. But as soon as we have appeared in the bathing costumes the trumpet of the shoreman has begun such an alarm duet with the whistle of the boatman that all the world has thought there has been a ship in distress and it has been the means to call for the lifeboat from Havre.

"Dabble the toes in"

It has happened that my friends have been new to Deauville—and have been Americans. They have not had the least idea that the noise could be concerned with them, so they have advanced steadily to the water. But they have not achieved to enter, although they are big Americans, much bigger than the Commissaries. My friends have tried the argument of the sarcasm. They have pointed out that at Atlantic City such a sea would have been figured much too calm for to bathe in. They have said that the waves have not even given the smacks to the beach, but only the pats. And that as they could enjoy any amount of the pats, and were much too hard-baked to be damaged by the spray, they could not see why Messieurs des Chemises-Rouges should so impolitely bar their way. Not a bit of effect has been made on the sea-kings by this eloquence. So has been tried the little-by-little system. The Americans have promised that if only they should be allowed to enter the water they would be the most good little boys, and would certainly keep to the near side of the boat. They have even promised as a last effort to stand all the time on their feet and not attempt anything so dangerous as to swim. But the protectors of the ocean have been able to threaten to call out the *maire* and the *préfet* and all the police of the province if the Americans should so much as put their toes in the water. So the Americans have had to confess to themselves that they would be overwhelmed. One of them has had to sail for home from Havre on the morrow. He has, therefore, had to miss the swim for which he has made the special dash from Paris. He has threatened to ask President Harding to put the freedom of the seas of Deauville on the agenda of the Conference of Washington. But it has left the Commissaries perfectly tranquil. ROLAND

# The Call of The Sea

Photographs Photo Press

SOME SEA-SHELL CAMEOS

# The Knave of Diamonds AT THE GLOBE

By "JINGLE." *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL.*

THIS play, founded upon Ethel M. Dell's novel of the same name, is quite interesting, and, not being a superior person, I enjoyed it very much. The MacMichael, being a superior person, classified it abruptly as Dellodrama, but we all know these artists! The play is, I understand, very popular with the ladies. I do not know whether this is on account of its fascinating topic, or owing to the fact that tea is served on the stage so often during the piece, tea being to the ladies, I believe, what nectar is to the gods. They have tea in nearly every scene, if my memory serves me correctly.

THE play is in three acts and a prologue. The first thing to note is that Lady Carfax has a drunken and violent husband. Therefore, by what we may call the modern Rule of Three, the other man has only to be seen in order to be appreciated. But Lady Carfax has the advantage of sharing with Cæsar's wife the blessed quality of being above suspicion, and she is, consequently, proof against all the assaults, and some of them are very desperate assaults, of the evil one.

THE scene of the prologue is a sitting-room in a country hotel. A masked ball is in progress, and when Lady Carfax appears several of her friends beg her not to wait for her husband as he is in the smoking-room in a very exalted state. Lady Carfax, however, being, above all things, a dutiful wife, decides to wait for her husband. Then Mr. Napoleon Errol drifts into the room. He is the Knave of Diamonds, light-hearted and inconsequential. He has not met Lady Carfax before, but he has clearly decided to force attentions upon her. From his own point of view there is nothing else to be done. She is a very charming woman, unhappy with her husband, and he is a resolute young man who knows exactly what he wants and is determined to have it.

LADY CARFAX is at first inclined to resent the intrusion, but by degrees she finds herself listening willingly to the young man's genial nonsense. He produces a pack of cards, and pretends that he can tell her fortune, and she becomes interested in the sport. The young man is practically a stranger to her, but you know how this sort of thing begins, and how insidiously it goes on. At least, if you don't know, you have probably heard of it.

CECILY BYRNE AS DOT WARING
JOHN WILLIAMS AS BERTIE ERROL

THEN we get back to Sir Giles Carfax, because it is very desirable to emphasise the fact that he is a perfect brute in every way. Thus we create more sympathy for Lady Carfax. Of course, she would never run away from home just because her husband is in the habit of having a couple or two. Therefore, there must be further trials to goad her ladyship to the edge of the precipice. Sir Giles comes home from hunting. He strides into the room swinging his whip ominously and calls for brandy. Then he tells his wife that he objects to young Napoleon Errol's habit of hanging about the place. In fact, if he catches the young man on the premises again he will remove him by force, if necessary.

BUT the appeal to force is often a little uncertain in its results, as some quite distinguished people have noticed lately. Sir Giles drinks himself into a furious passion, and then begins to slash at his wife with his hunting whip. That, of course, increases our detestation of him, and our pity for his missus. At this stage young Napoleon rushes on. In the ensuing scuffle Sir Giles is knocked out in the first round, and then as he becomes practically a raving maniac, the servants of the family have to sit on his head to keep him down.

SIR GILES then goes into hospital, and we see him no more. What we do see, however, is Mr. Napoleon Errol on the trail again, in pursuit of his

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF "THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS"

## LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

fixed and definite purpose. His method this time is on the simple and artless lines of losing the last train home (modern version). At this stage he is simply the primitive man with the desire to possess. He invites Lady Carfax to take a motor drive with him into the country, and, anxious to forget her troubles for a few hours, she accepts the invitation. They arrive at the little old-fashioned inn that is their destination, umpteen miles from anywhere.

THE innkeeper, in his homely way, welcomes Mr. Errol and his "good lady" in terms that show that the old fellow, in his own mind, has no doubt of their lawful relationship. Lady Carfax is for correcting his false impression; but Napoleon urges her to forget it, especially as they will be driving away again very shortly. Then the trail of the serpent becomes more pronounced. The usual thunderstorm breaks out with its usual violence, and, of course, her ladyship cannot start in such weather. Then Napoleon delivers his final shaft. He has run out of petrol, there is none to be got in the neighbourhood; there are no railway stations and no penny 'buses. The obvious conclusion is that they will have to pass the night in the inn, and as the landlord is already satisfied that they are man and wife, that, in a manner of speaking, is that.

FOR the moment the suspense is awful. You can hear the half-suppressed murmurs of the ladies in the pit, and you can translate them into terms of reprobation or envy, as your knowledge of the sex directs. But just when everything seems most hopeless, Napoleon's elder brother, Lucas, the good young man of the piece, dashes up in his car and bears Lady Carfax away to safety. Then Lucas, to save the family from the scandal that threatens it in consequence of Napoleon's determined pursuit of the improper, sends Napoleon to Arizona, where, apparently, it is expected that his temperament will be more attuned to the prevailing atmosphere. But Napoleon gets no further than New York. There he hears of the death of Sir Giles from a complication of disorders and mixed drinks. Lady Carfax is now a widow, and Napoleon comes home prepared to offer her marriage. His passion for her is as deep as ever.

THE end of the play is a little hesitating in its movements. For instance, during Napoleon's absence his brother, Lucas, has undergone a serious operation. Recovery is slow, but the doctor hints to Lady Carfax that Lucas is in love with her, and that if the young man knew for certain that he had something like her to live for, he would get better quickly. So, with a little mild encouragement, Lucas duly proposes, and is more or less accepted.

THEN Napoleon returns in his wild, torrential way, ready, apparently, to ride roughshod over everybody and everything that he finds between him and his prey. But the tie of affection between him and his brother is very strong, and when he learns that Lucas is in love with Lady Carfax he magnanimously withdraws from competition. Shortly after that Lucas strolls into the next room and dies rather conveniently, so that Napoleon can go back to where he was in his love affair. But this time, it is to be noted, he is no longer the villain who is still pursuing her. His love has reached a purer, loftier plane and the devils have been cast out of him, at least, that is what is implied in the play, and so we must hope for the best. He has risen phœnix-like from the ashes of his naughty mind into the loftier atmosphere of the respectable suburb, and more than that we do not ask. Personally, I found the play very interesting, not so much on account of its illuminating ideas, if any, as for the reason that it seems to me an able and extremely successful attempt to give the public what the public wants.

THE acting is of a very high quality throughout. Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who is the Lady Carfax, touches nothing that she does not adorn, and in this part she is all that could be wished. As Napoleon Errol, Mr. Darby Foster gives an extremely powerful study of the masterful lover, and Mr. Townsend Whitling as the very unkind Sir Giles Carfax made the ladies gasp with horror and wrath. I do not think I can pay an actor a higher compliment than that. JINGLE

# A "Fishing" Story

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Come on, Harold, I always promised you should go through the Arc de Triomphe some day!"

# That Perfectly Pr

When escorting your married Aunt and her family you meet t

# riceless Moment

BY A. K. MACDONALD

the beautiful Stranger you have been so anxious to impress

# Without Rhine or Reason

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

It must be the heat-wave. While at home you are concerned with the evils of cocktails — the modern craze for thoroughness — thus going to the root of the overdue sea-serpent discoverer's story — and with Countesses of Monte Cristo—we are going through our own silly-season troubles on the Rhine. The *Cologne Post* having ventured rashly to challenge the good name of the Rhinelander, the latter fell upon his slanderer with the full force of the Press, and the ecclesiastical *Volkszeitung* gave the *coup-de-grâce* with a crosier-like full-page article. Other papers have been affected with bad attacks of Sanctiophobia. This disease takes the form of seeing in the admittedly undesirable "Sanctions" a monster of such dimensions as would leave no place for Father Rhine, as well as itself, in the bed of the former's fast dwindling stream.

"To enable Fritz and Frau to cool their portly persons"

Despite the drought, there is, fortunately, still water enough in it to enable Fritz and Frau to cool their portly persons, which they do in such numbers as to suggest that they draw a patriotic virtue from their historic river. Little Fritzchen and Gretchen spend so much time in the sun and water and in such scanty costume that no one would be surprised to hear that the latest "black horror" consisted of an appropriation of some of them by swarthy Senegalese in mistake for their own offspring. The Rhine steamers, too, are packed with Germans spending the balance left over, after (of course) setting aside that 132 milliard gold marks for us, and as they pass beneath the blooming vines (about the only blooming thing which blooming well can bloom in this Sahara heat, as someone coarsely remarked) and romantic castles, their sentimental hearts are inspired and their emotional voices raised in patriotic fervour. But sentiment and emotions are better kept well in check in Rhineland now, for certain airs are not looked on with favour by all the occupying authorities. One might imagine that, considering who *is* watching the Rhine at the moment, "Die Wacht am Rhein" would be a painful song for patriotic Germans. The holiday spirit seems to ignore considerations of that sort—as well as military regulations. The results are sometimes unpleasant, as when recently the captain of the good ship *Hindenburg*, from the deck of whose vessel such strains arose, found himself between a couple of French gendarmes *en route* for Mainz prison, the actual vocalists are said to have escaped detection by the ingenious device of hiding behind programmes of the French exhibition at Wiesbaden and making a noise like a Rhineland Republic

"The Rhine steamers, too, are packed

By H. L. Oakley

It was in early days that the orchestra in a Cologne café rashly treated its audience, amongst whom was an unobserved group of British soldiers, to "Die Wacht am Rhein." The audience joined in lustily, and greeted the conclusion with loud applause. None were louder in their appreciation than the Tommies. Sitting near them was a large Rhinelander, whose eyes grew rounder and rounder as he watched. Finally he leant across, caution overcome by curiosity, and said:

"I hardly think you know what tune it is you are applauding so loudly."

"Not 'arf, Hindy," came the rejoinder. "It's the jolly old 'Watch on the Rhine.'"

"And you can applaud that?" queried the horrified German.

"Why not?" was the calm retort. "Ain't we IT?"

At Wiesbaden the French are holding a three-months exhibition of "l'Art Français"—widely and generously interpreted to cover that of such popular persons as Mistinguett and Mlle Lenglen—to which "*nos amis les Rhenans*," as a French paper for Rhineland persuasively calls them, are heartily invited. It should prove some consolation to wealthy Germans hindered from resuming their pre-War trips to Paris in search of the little luxuries so dear to their hearts that the mountain thus comes to Mahomet, though their papers urge Rhinelanders to regard it as an invitation to Dilly to come and be killed.

Eric Gordon

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*BYSTANDER SHORT STORY*

# THE FUNDAMENTAL TEST

BY DOUGLAS NEWTON

CORNELIUS thought nothing of Denis, and he thought it aloud.

Cornelius was one of those large, timber-built men whom crowds pant to see in all games that have balls and things to smite 'em in. Cornelius was a plus divot at golf, a 'vantage out at tennis, and quite possibly a welter-weight two-handed puncher at croquet, imagined Denis; anyhow, something so terrific that he had reason to smile superior smiles at rivals so puny that they had to function by brains alone.

Denis, who played at engineering instead of working at games, did not particularly mind Cornelius in the bulk, but when he was narrowed down to Lynette, so to speak, he did begin to have a feeling that it might have been better had he tinkered less with steel and waggled a brassy more.

Lynette was notoriously delightful. Lynette was piquant and vivid and crisp. Lynette looked as soft as gossamer and as light as spun silk. Lynette looked melting, yielding, poetic, dreamy, serious. That is, she did in the winter solstice. Denis had met her then. He had danced with her, talked with her, discussed the serious things of life with her.

Lynette, however, was feminine, she was seasonable. Denis found that summer and Cornelius had dawned when he saw Lynette in her sports kit. A few nights ago he had felt that she would have floated away if he breathed too hard. Now—she looked like something lovely built of teak. She was all muscular, all open-air. Her ankles had become exquisitely woolly, her fairy-like arms suddenly put on biceps, a Lenglen loop curved her spine, and a jumper dawned in glory over a bosom no longer gossamery.

Denis was staggered. How did women manage it? Did they keep entirely different sets of physiques amid moth-ball in their cupboards against the seasons—or what? Probably what. Anyhow, no matter the change, Lynette was still adorable. She might look like the Amazon queen, but there was no doubt about the queen. He was more in love than ever, and more desperate. She was adorable, and yet she had changed so. He knew this because when he asked her for her candid opinion of John Drinkwater she answered, "What's his handicap?" before she had time to check herself.

And then, of course, Cornelius impinged.

With the first sound of wood upon gutty, of rubber on lawn, he seemed to spring to hearty life. He swept the field. He drove his way into Lynette's presence and blew Denis aside. Denis held himself down as tight as he could, but it was no good, Cornelius was too powerful. Cornelius with his fiery-red hair and his unplayable service from the back-line simply bowled Lynette over.

Cornelius laughed at Denis, told him to go away and wear his fingers to the bone reading "Ribbs on Girder Stresses" or Gene Stratton Porter or something, or play marbles, or take the spaniel out on the chain. Cornelius found Denis inadequate and amusing.

"Yes, do take out Ajax for a run," said Lynette. "He has scarcely any exercise these days. And I know you are fond of dogs, Denis."

"Not," said Denis, "necessarily as fond as that."

"The man who is not fond of dogs," said Cornelius, weightily, "is not a man to be trusted."

"I always say so," agreed Lynette.

"The man whom dogs are not fond of also must be utterly distrusted," intoned Cornelius bent upon improving the shining hour.

"I think you're absolutely right," agreed Lynette.

"Absolutely right," declared Cornelius. "It is a fundamental test. If dogs don't take to a man then shun that man: he is undoubtedly a criminal."

"Yes," said Lynette. "That is exactly how I feel. If Ajax turned away from a man, snarled at him, growled at him—bit him, I'd order him out of the house. I wouldn't touch him with a barge pole."

"How we agree," murmured Cornelius. "A dog senses the goodness or badness in a man. He knows when a fellow is a low-down villain, trust him."

"I didn't say I disliked dogs, or they bit at me," protested Denis. "All I said was that I didn't. . . ."

"Yes, Cornelius, you're right," Lynette went on over Denis's head. "I know you can trust a dog—utterly. I would. Whatever a man appears on the surface, you may be certain that a dog can sense the evil beneath. I trust Ajax. His growl is my law. I rely on him. Now with Denis here, though he appears a nice boy. . . ."

"Where is the inf——Ajax? . . I mean, where can I find that wretched—jolly, that is, dog? I'll take him for a gorgeous run. Oh, the butler will tell me. How good of you. . . ."

Ajax was a meekish dog with no pronounced instincts in bite. Denis as he walked with him scowled moodily. He thought that a man would have to be pretty bad interiorly for Ajax to whack up a growl. A man would have to have a soul seething in villainy before that placid canine Buddha growled and showed his teeth. If Ajax was the sole moral protection Lynette had, then the bad man had a sitter.

On the other hand, *did* Ajax evince spleen at any fellow, then the best thing to do would be to take the lad away and electrocute him at once. That dog being what it was, the man would be too evil for this world. Perhaps that was what Lynette meant. She knew

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## "THE FUNDAMENTAL TEST" (concluded)

that an inner malignance that roused the suspicions of Ajax indicated the worst possible model in the scoundrel line.

The cause of these philosophic thoughts lay in the action of Ajax at that moment. A big lout had thrown a stone at Ajax, and Ajax had sat down and, with large and wondering eyes, stared his astonishment at the lout. The lout threw another stone that hit Ajax in the fat ribs, Ajax opened his mouth and said, "Well, I'm blest," or barks to that effect.

Denis looked severely at the lout, then he looked less severely, and with a gaze of surprise.

The lout was one of those large, timber-built young men. And he had fiery-red hair. Denis stared at the lout, the lout stared in contempt at Denis. Denis went up to the lout, and the lout closed fists, and said:

"Wadyer want, hey?"

Denis said,

"I want to put you in the way of earning five pounds."

"Ho," said the lout, taken back. "Wadyer game?"

"Five pounds—that," said Denis, showing the note.

"Do anythin' for a fiver," said the lout.

"First take off your cap and show the dog your head," said Denis. "And then—could you persuade him to be angry with you?"

"Persuade," snarled the lout. "I'll learn 'im. What I don't know about the ways o' dogs ain't worth knowing. In half an hour that there dog will loathe the sight of me."

"And show it?" asked Denis.

"He'll be a livin' 'ymn o' 'ate at the mere mention o' my name."

"Or at the sight of your hair?"

"Or at the sight of me 'air."

They repaired to a neighbouring yard and Denis watched some very pretty intensive training. The lout was an artist. Denis viewed the proceedings with satisfaction.

When Denis returned with Ajax, Cornelius was explaining to an enraptured Lynette how he had just not won a golf handicap through foozling his service at the second hoop.

He turned and surveyed Denis, said, "But has Ajax exercised you enough?" and turned back to Lynette and the thrilling story. His magnificent red hair flashed in the bright rays of the sun as he moved his head.

Ajax, the meek, uttered one deep howl of embittered rage, and flung at his near calf.

"Here, I say, what the—what the——" yelled Cornelius.

"The dog does not like you, I fancy," said Denis, mournfully.

"Dog—not like—*me* . . . Here, good dog, nice Ajax. . . . Here, you brute. . . ."

Ajax snapped at the kindly hand, missed, but showed that he was a tryer.

"He senses some inner malignancy," said Denis.

"Malignancy—me? Why there's no harm in me."

By Dyke White

DEDICATED TO THE MAN WHO SHIVERS ON THE BRINK

"Trust dogs," murmured Denis. Ajax true to his principles flew at Cornelius's blazer. Not being satisfied with the texture and quality of that, apparently, he sampled the slacks.

"Ouch," yelled Cornelius. "Get away you ugly darnation dog. Grr! Snakes. . . Tear this ravening brute off."

"Queer," sighed Denis. "Whatever a man may appear on the surface you may be certain that a dog can sense the evil beneath."

"Don't talk rub. . . . O-oh-o-o-o-ee." Ajax had planted a full set of teeth in a telling place.

Cornelius forgot his high ideals. Forgot that a man who was not kind to dogs was not to be trusted, was fundamentally criminal. His right leg functioned. Ajax in the fullness of a bark, yelped and flew through the air across the room.

"Mr. *Pude!*" cried the icy and horrified voice of Lynette.

"But I say, Lynette——"

"The act of a brute, Mr. Pude. My poor dog."

"Yes, Cornelius Pude," said Denis, in indignation. "When the loyal animal is merely performing its fundamental test."

"But I say . . . I mean to say, do you say . . . that I'm to let that mongrel bite. . . ."

"It only bites what nature commands it to bite," said Denis. "*He* can't help if a man is criminal beneath."

"Look here, do you mean to say I'm a criminal?" began Cornelius.

"No, Mr. Pude," said Lynette. "That is what the dog said. I trust Ajax. His growl is my law."

"But . . ." blurted Cornelius.

"He's coming along to lay down the law again," sighed Denis. "How sure he is."

Cornelius cast one look at the advancing Ajax and vanished through the door.

"I wouldn't have believed it if I had not seen it," said Denis to Lynette. "How wise animals must be."

"Yes," sighed Lynette. "They have a sense we have not got, dear Denis. They *feel* evil."

As Denis sat down beside Lynette for the evening he *felt* something too, he felt that that fiver had not been a bad investment.

Douglas Newton

# "Look!

## I'VE GOT RIGHT INTO 'THE BYSTANDER' BATHING NUMBER!"

*Photograph* *Horace W. Nicholls*

A REFRESHING SCENE AT SOUTHWOLD

# TO BATHE OR NOT TO BATHE

BY CANDIDA

BATHERS are of two kinds. I don't mean that male and female created he them: that would be merely dull. I mean the bathers who bathe and those who don't, and those who don't are much more amusing than those who do. Ask the people with cameras and an eye for beauty. In all the photographs of August nymphs (they are always "nymphs," by the way) the dear things are as dry as they are charming. The sea, alas! is no respecter of persons, and it's only in books that your heroine emerges from her morning dip a vision of dazzling loveliness, of pearly skin and permanently waved hair, all due to Nature's efforts, and not at all to Bond Street.

ARE there such people? You may meet them, I believe, in the South Sea Islands, or somewhere, bathing their brown loveliness in ungetatable bays, fringed by coral reefs and waving palms, with sands of gold and skies of indigo, and realise the immense difference between Nature's effortless achievement and our busy contrivings, our *blanc de perle* and doctored hair and *chic* bathing dresses. Well, well. Perhaps I had better leave this sort of thing to Conrad. Deauville in the bathing season is good enough for me.

"MANY waters," says the idealist who never looks a fact in the face, "cannot quench love." I wouldn't like to try. They can, and do, turn a pretty creature into a wet rag, with hair—if any—like dank seaweed, or, if none, with a head tied up in a sponge bag. Could anything be more unromantic? And yet there survives in the masculine imagination the figment of a dream. Didn't Aphrodite rise all-conquering, all-compelling, from the sea? Exactly. Those Ancient Greeks knew what they were saying. She, the perfect goddess, might well rise from the foam, radiantly beautiful and unabashed, and what they meant was that it takes a goddess to come out triumphantly from such an ordeal as this. No lesser mortal could. No lesser mortal does.

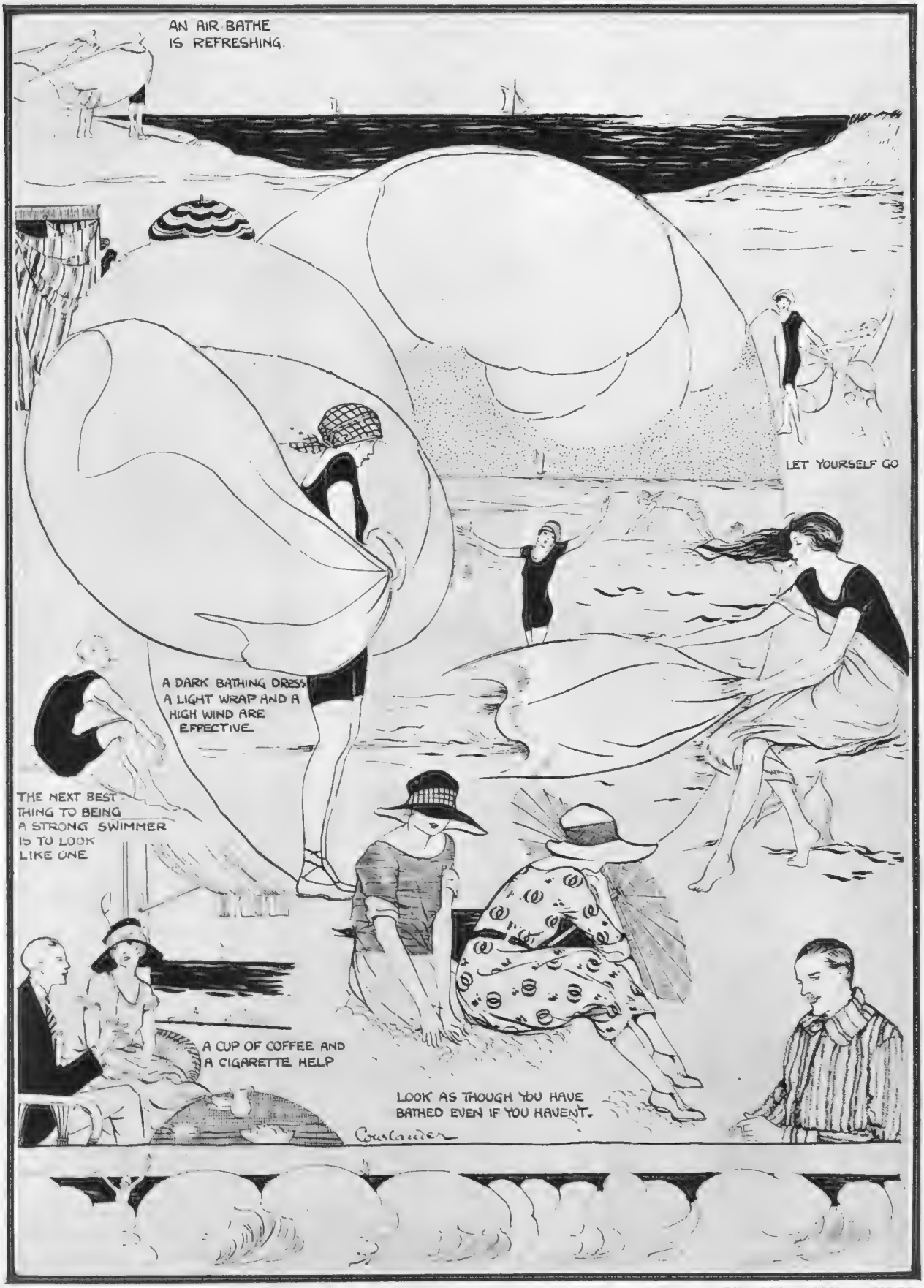
THE bathers who get wet, and glory in it, must swim, and swim beautifully, and to those who do anything beautifully their sins, though they be many, are forgiven them. Miss Kellermann swims like a fish, and, in her jersey, looks more charming than the nicest fish; which only proves that anything may be done with impunity at the top of the tree, even if that tree (I'm getting mixed) happens to be the sea. But just to go down to the sea in the inevitable blue serge, trimmed with white braid, as people do all round this happy, or once upon a time happy, island is—well, monotonous. What becomes of the charming bathing-dresses in foulard and satin which sun themselves so picturesquely in Regent Street shop-windows? Do they never fulfil their destiny? Don't they even "walk on" somewhere to the joy of the people who collect snapshots for the Sunday papers?

THEY go, I don't doubt, to the paradise of the bathers who don't bathe, to Deauville, the *bain-de-mer* specially invented to keep alive the Aphrodite myth, only that Aphrodite in France knows better than to tempt the foam. And the things that she wears while she's doing it, or not doing it! Over a silk jersey foundation in royal blue imagine a black taffeta creation, sleeveless, of course, with what the French call *un décolletage hardi* at the neck and also at the knees, so to speak. A frivolous piping of blue must emphasise the line, and round a permanently waved head, which allows a few entrancing curls to escape, a headband in royal blue tied after the manner of a Pierrot in an Italian masquerade. To wet such a picture would be a crime, especially as taffeta, which is so charming on the beach, has an undecorative way of ballooning in the water. Therefore, you may count on its remaining dry, as all the best costumes do. How do you like a cerise arrangement, also in taffeta, with three debonair flounces over charming black silk knickers, frivolously piped with red? Or a white foulard with cubist patterns, inspired by a sunset at sea, with a black *ciré* cap embroidered to match? It's a fascinating topic on which I might spread myself for ever. But let no one imagine that it's the *chic* bathing-dress that makes the woman. Not at all. It's the figure of the *chic* woman that makes the bathing-dress. CANDIDA

By VICTOR HICKS

THE SUBTLE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BATHING AND *BATHING*

# Is Bathing Going "Dry"?




BY ELSA COURLANDER

DON'TS FOR THOSE WHO DON'T BATHE

# Bathing in the Banal Baltic

BY THE BYSTANDER IN POMERANIA

HAVING—last year—sampled gambling Zoppot (near Danzig), windy Westerland, on the Isle of Sylt (near Denmark), and toppling "Saxon Switzerland" (near doleful Dresden), the Berlin Bystander is this year trying mild Pomerania by the banal Baltic's wave. The Baltic is the insipidest of seas. The B. from B. is at Bansin. Outside Bansin nobody ever heard of Bansin except the Berlin Bystander, and two hundred highly "vornehm" (read "exclusive") Prussic families, all barons, or counts, or at meanest "vons." Bansin's almost viciously "vornehm." Close by is Heringsdorf, Prussland's Margate-cum-Blackpool, where rich profiteers-in-butter haunt a gold-bug hotel, and do miracles in dancing and knife-gulping; but Heringsdorf, though famous and capacious, with seventy restaurants and a real live steamer-pier, is not "vornehm." Neat Bansin is small, silent, remote, and fringed with beech-woods. Its "vornehmheit" simply blazes. Even the local flag is the Prusso-Hohenzollernian red-white-and-black, and not the beastly Republic's red, black and gold.

BANSIN sprawls on the Isle of Usedom, an angle of the once-Swedish Pomerania which bad Fred. Wilm. I of Prussia grabbed from Voltaire's (and Sam Johnson's) hero, Charles the Twelfth. It's nearest big city is Stettin-on-the-Odors. It is built on one of those narrow sedge-tipped sand-dunes which along the banal Baltic shelter queer half-bays, half-lakes, called by the Pruss "Haffs." You can see Rugen Island if you're clever. For children Bansin is a paradise, as its sand is like fine sugar; for adults it has demerits, as its sugar is like fine sand. It has few *pensions* and few hotels. The Baltic housing system is endless rowlets of houselets that outwardly look like villas, but inwardly prove to contain six furnished, self-contained flatlets, which you rent for a whole summer at the price of two days at Brighton. To be precise, at about 3,500 marks, or under £15. The poorest man in Bansin owns such a houselet; and on the 20,000 marks which he gets during two delirious summer months he lives in splendour all the rest of the year.

BATHING at Bansin is—Baltic Bathing, not banal bathing. The system of the "Familienbad" (which does not mean "Bad-Familiarity") prevails. Nor does it mean the mild and distant Mixed Bathing which some British and all Amurrican mayors condemn. There are no detached, even no semi-detached, bathing boxes. All boxes are tacked to one another like Tooting houses; and there's a pleasant family easiness and indiscriminate inter-sex intercourse which the frigid Briton could not imagine in his dreams. As these bathing-boxes are always full—the Pruss stays two minutes in the wave and sprawls two hours on the sand—the latecomer is officially required to disrobe and robe in the "Garderobe." This is a cabin which ladies and gentlemen in no way connected by family or even acquaintance both use indiscriminately. But not at the same time. The Berlin Bystander was invited to wait until two blushful maids, one in tricot, the other in black silk pyjamas, issued from this "Garderobe." He then went in and undressed amid a heap of flimsy garments of a kind which, being an unmarried man, he had never seen before, mixed with male garments of a ruthlessly uninteresting kind. Later, when dressing in the company of four male Prussians—all counts, he gathered from their coroneted socks—there was an angry drumming of feminine fingers on the door; and the owners of the flimsy garments called through the keyhole, "*Kleiden Sie sich schnell an!* We're shivering with cold. And hand us out our petticoats!"

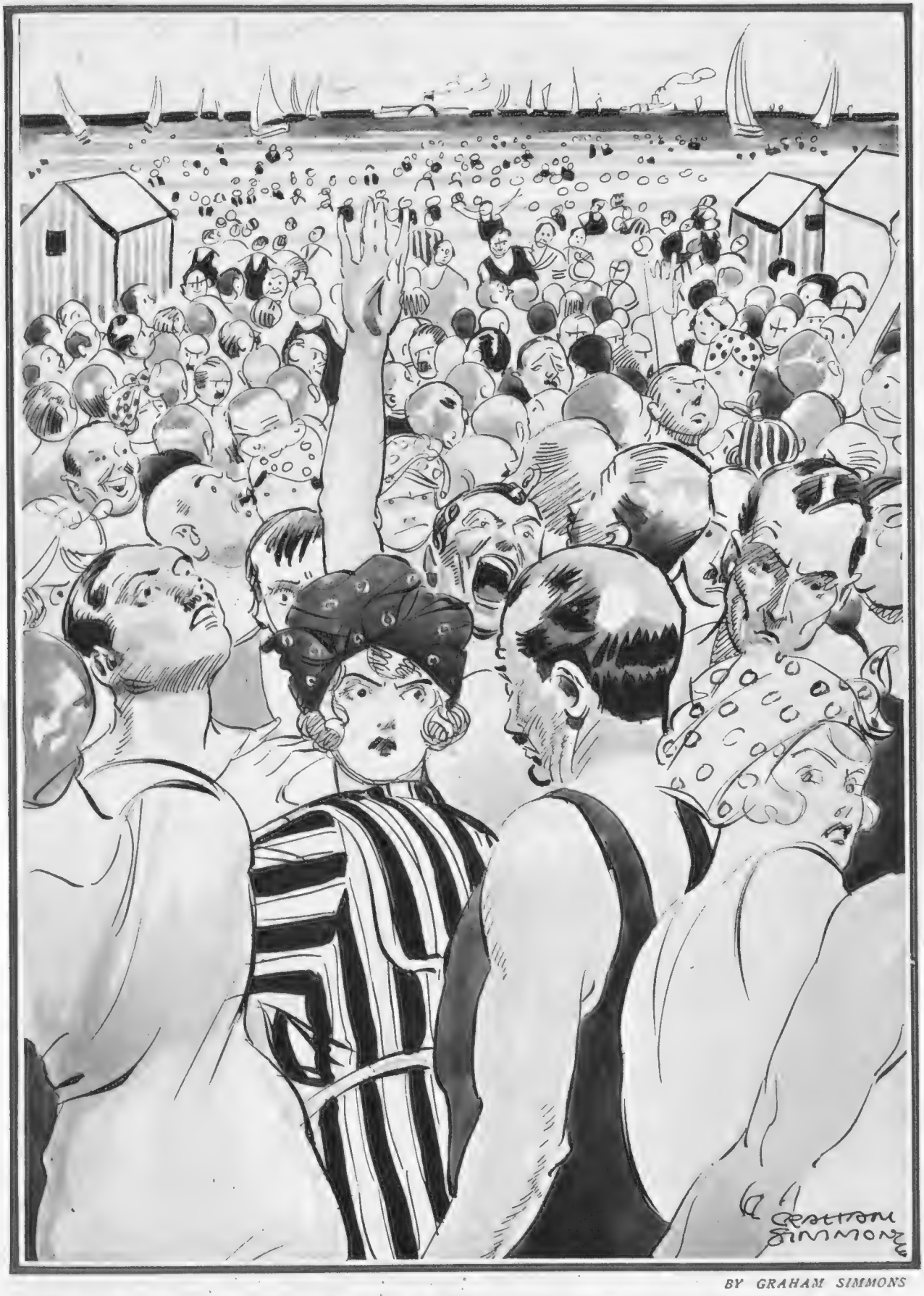
By Victor Hicks

AFTER A PATTERN

THE Bansin Pruss is exactly like the Pruss of Norderney, Westerland, Zoppot, or any other Prussic "Seebad"—he burns to be burnt by the sun. Particularly she. Not outside Togoland can you see faces as black as those of the "vornehm" blondes in the "Familienbad." The Prussic man has a much harder job, as fashion requires that he gets brown all over. This is done, in company of wife and sister, and of other men's wives and sisters, by pulling up and down his bathing suit till top and bottom shrink into a decent girdle. Celly de Rheydt in her Naked Dances is relatively over-dressed. The only sand sport practised is what the Berlin Bystander calls "schlopping." "Schlopping" consists in rolling your lady love, or better still, some other man's, in the sugary sand, and finishing with a parting "schlopp" on any soft, protrusive part of her that attracts your kindly palm. Some gentlemen work in pairs, No. 1 Gentleman swinging the maid by her finger-tips, No. 2 by her toe-tips, and both dropping her suddenly on her tummy and giving her companionable "schlopps." Such exciting sports are made necessary by the local fearful attitude towards the sea. If you swim five metres past a rope extended in two feet of water, a whistle summons you back; and if you hire a rowing boat you get a rigid injunction, "Keep in the latitude (*in der Hoehe*) of the pier-end."

THOUGH Prussic, aristocratic and even Junkerish, Bansin is not Pan-Germanic. Sand-castles on the beach actually show British and American flags. Yes, even French!

# No, this is not Oxford Circus—




BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

—But a fairly quiet spot at Bright and Breezy Bathampton on Saturday afternoon

# Bathing as a Business

*Photograph* *Elwin Neame, Ltd.*

**MRS. ARTHUR HAMILTON**

Who is repeating her efforts of last year in order to swim the Channel. We do not think, however, that this method of transit will have the popularity of air-travel. *Mais—nous verrons*

# "IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

SOMEWHERE-BY-THE-SEA, *August* 15

DEAR COUSIN—

YES, back again here by the sea, we are. Simply couldn't keep away when the sun began shining again (after just a few showers) and the thought of the sparkling blue and green waves started drawing one back on a string, so to speak, to the place where the air is always clear and clean and the world may possibly be dull sometimes, but, anyway, never dirty.

SOME world, this, you know, when you've untied yourself yet once more from the trammels of Town and embark happy and care-free (for a while) upon the simple and primitive adventures of the seaside. Such lovely and fascinating and all-absorbing adventures as bathing, for instance. First of all, there's the delightful experience of waking in a blindless, curtainless room to the joys of a perfect blue sky and a still morning sea with the sun beating down on it with all its fresh, early morning vigour.

"Latest thing in Cretonne frocks"

THEN a peep through the window to see if the tide's just right and the rest of the bathing-party beginning to turn up, and *après*, a hasty search through of wardrobes and chests of drawers to discover just the right kind of bathing-dress for the particular moment. Rather a simple sort, of course, for the before-breakfast bathe, keeping the newest jazz pattern one for later on in the morning, when—oh! well, when there *may*, p'raps, be more people about to do full justice and give full appreciation to its chequered beauties.

AND, oh! the rapture of that first morning bathe—a deep and abiding joy that even the successive sensations of the after-breakfast effort and the midday swim and the pre-tea plunge can never efface from one's memory. Such lovely, healthy, tingling feelings it leaves in its train! Positive ecstasy of slipping—with the exquisite aroma of bacon and eggs floating up the stairs—into the very latest thing in cretonne frocks (price about ten shillings at the very most) and the white shoes and stockings that match the unsullied cleanness of the morning sky! Infinite enjoyment of lapping up said eggs and bacon and coffee with an appetite accentuated to the *nth* by contact with the great and glorious waves!

WHY, oh! why, ever go back to the mere sordid life of work and duty? that's what it makes one feel like. And why *do* we work and fuss about our duties and things, I wonder, after all? And fret over what we've done or left undone, while the sun shines and the sky's blue and the firs up along the top of the cliff are calm and still and green, and the sea's ever eternally a-calling? Some frightful and ingrained weakness of human nature—that's all *I* can put it down to, what?

THERE are such fascinating other ways of spending the time, aren't there? By the sea, of course, first of all, if you don't mind leading the simple life. Not only bathing, you know, but prawning. Which is really one of the most exciting of sports, if you only know the proper way to do it.

FIRST of all, and most important of all, you've got to collect your lunch—if the tide's right for lunch that day. *Such* an important thing the tide is when you're on a sea-holiday! Sandwiches to be acquired or collected somehow, and bottles of—well, lime-juice, I suppose—to be purchased at the local hotel bar, and perhaps a few chocs. and fruits to put a proper finish to the meal. And then everything to be nicely packed away in a nice

"The newest bathing suits"

basket, and—oh! and then the bait. Mustn't go without the bait, whatever we do, must we? More excellent and restful time-spending while the youngest or willingest of the party goes forth in quest of the humble, but necessary, crab! And so at last, eventually, and after much pleasant delay, to the pursuit (as Mr. Pepys would say) of the wily prawn.

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And a lovely game it is, though, perhaps, just a trifle messy for the clothes. And also (if of a patient disposition), one may possibly go out for a fishing expedition. In which the boat is pushed off with infinite ceremony for the great adventure on the deep blue sea by numbers of willing helpers. And on your return, after hours of patient waiting, you are welcomed with just as hearty a greeting if you catch just a single paltry dab as if you'd captured every single finny monster that ever lurked within the depths of the mysterious and infinite abyss.

"Except the hotel bill"

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That's one of the joys, too, isn't it, of a life by the ocean wave? I mean, nothing commercial about it, anyway, from start to finish—except, perhaps, the hotel bills. Sport for sport's sake—that's our motto—and a good model, too, for the world's profiteers. I wonder what *they* do, by the way, when *they're* by the sea—because I suppose they, too, sometimes join in the ordinary relaxations of mere ordinary men and women. Do they just expend their ill-gotten wealth on the hire of deck-chairs and magnums, or what? Can't be *much* outlet for their proper activities, anyway, I fear, in the primitive and mostly unpriced pleasures of here-by-the-sea.

"Sit-down supper at the Riviera Club"

There-on-the-moors, meanwhile, they seem to be having a very good time, too—everyone, I mean, and not merely the profiteers, though these last get much more scope there, certainly, what? You *can* get rid of fivers and tenners, and even twenties and hundreds, in pretty quick time when there's shoots to be paid for and keepers to be tipped and all the rest of it. And from all I hear the sport is going to be better this year than any time since the old pre-War days. Though that, I suppose, isn't really the most important thing from the real or genuine profiteer point of view, is it? For whom (as Kipling didn't say) the game is less than the paying for the game, or words to that effect.

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Meanwhile, in London now, a sort of a period of stagnation really has arrived. There aren't any new plays even announced for this week, and the positively last appearance of M.P.'s in the House of Commons is also expected at any moment. Our U.S. visitors are leaving us, with lots of frocks and hats and suits from Paris and London in their cabin trunks, and the only remaining inhabitants of the great metropolis are a few million mere Londoners who don't happen to be on holiday—and are rather sorry now, some of them, that they chose an earlier or later date.

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Still—for those who *have* stayed on there are, at any rate, some compensations to make up for their sojourn amid the turmoil of motor-buses and the forest of chimney-pots while the rest of the world is making holiday. There are still dances, *par exemple*—and, on a warm August night, what lovelier sort of way can there be, I ask you, to spend an evening than to waltz and fox-trot and *one-stepper* (as they say on the real Riviera) at a place like our own Riviera, for instance—that wonderful Roman-villa-like dance-place on the banks of the Thames not a thousand miles from Victoria Station, where, in the intervals of floating round to the strains of the Kendal-Grimston band, you can sit out in a delightful terrace with the moon dancing on the waters, or have a lovely sit-down supper to nerve you to renewed efforts on that charming parquet floor, with the French windows which open right out on to the rolling river.

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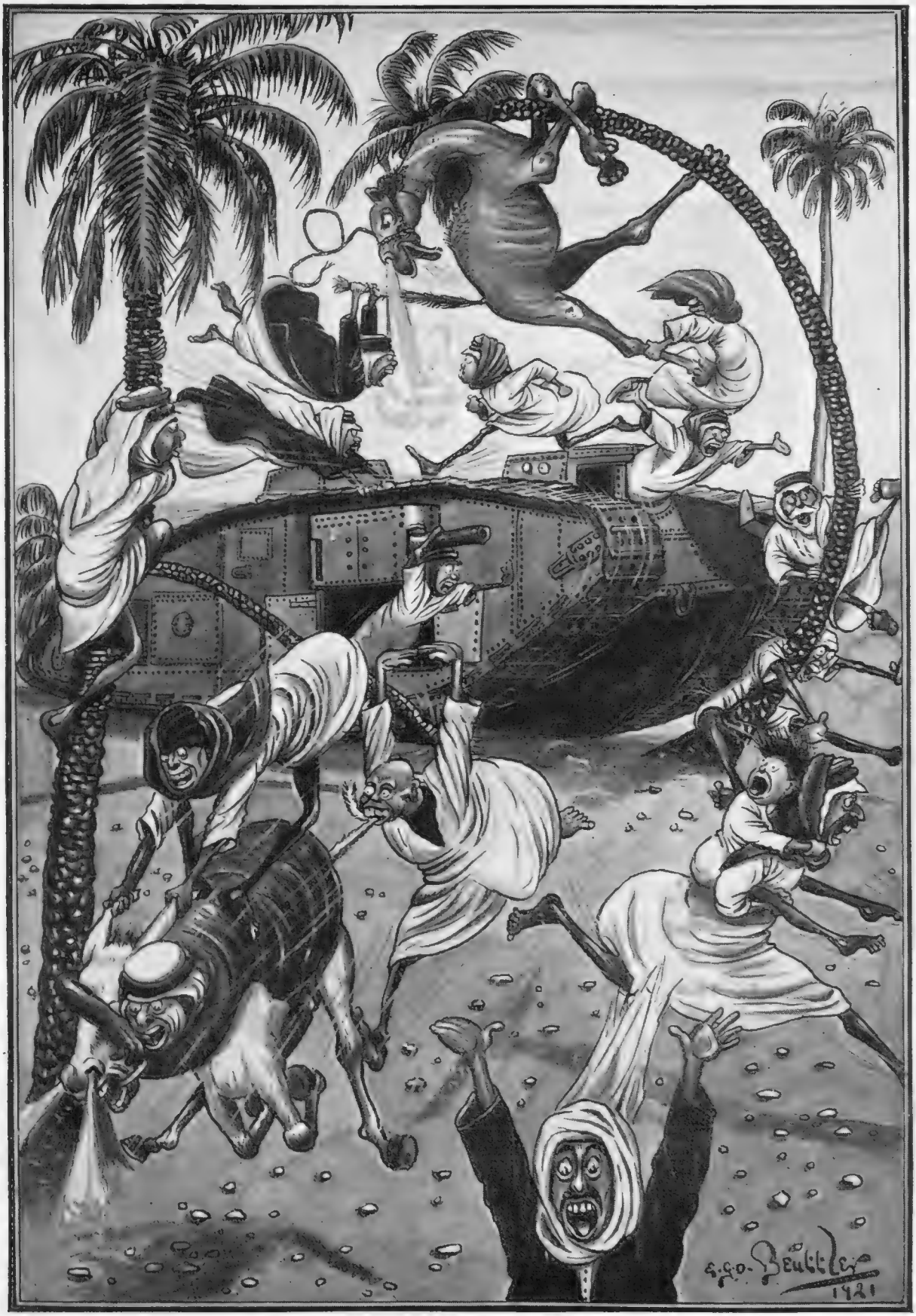
And soon we shall be able to have supper after the theatre—properly, I mean, with something stronger than lemonade—and already they've made plans for an autumn opera. The really utterly dull season doesn't last *too* long, anyway, in London now, does it?

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette

# Mespot Messes

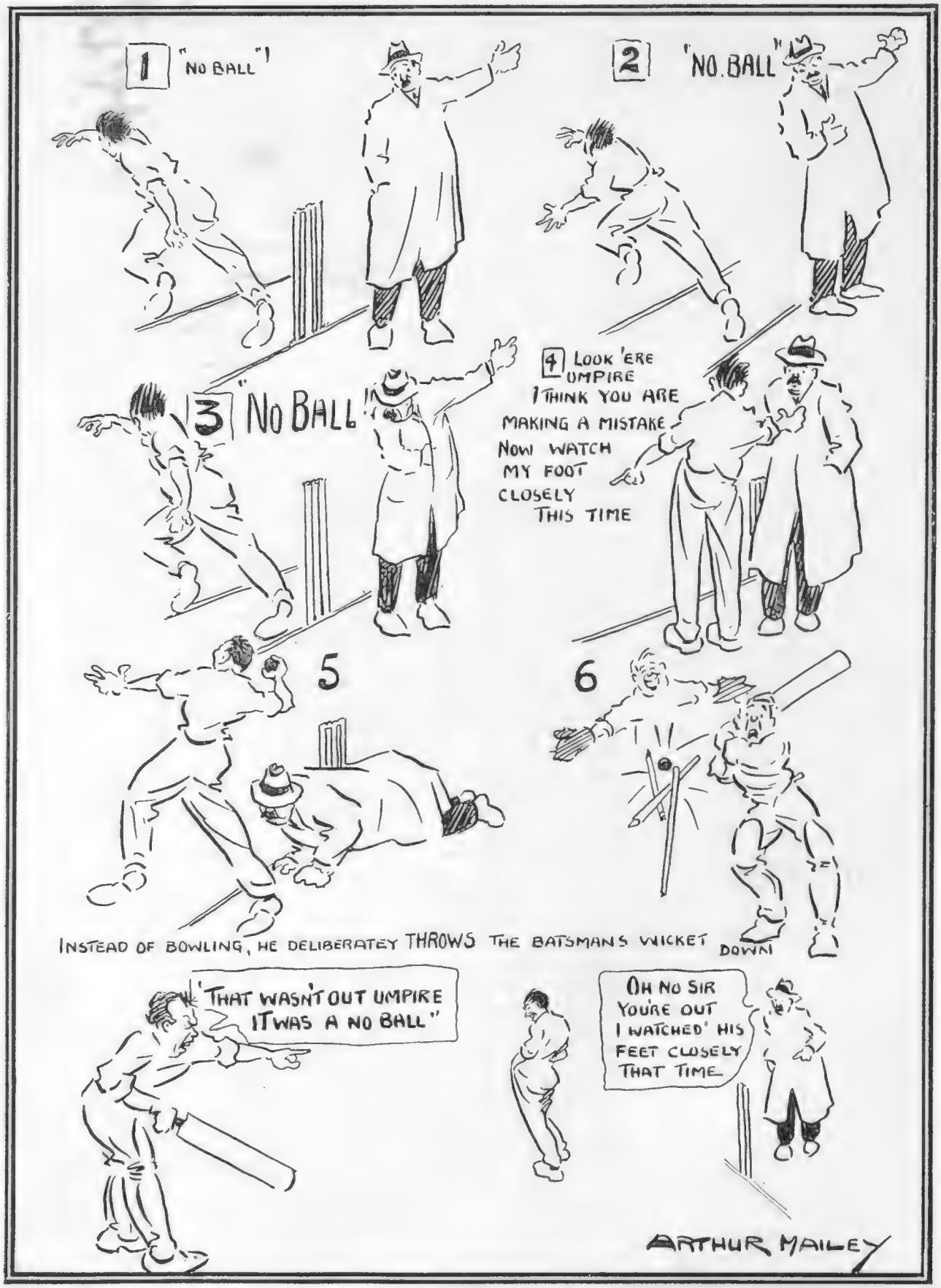
*[The Arabs and Bedouins are, we understand, getting to work with the war equipment we have left behind]*




BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

No. II.—BUSINESS WITH A TANK

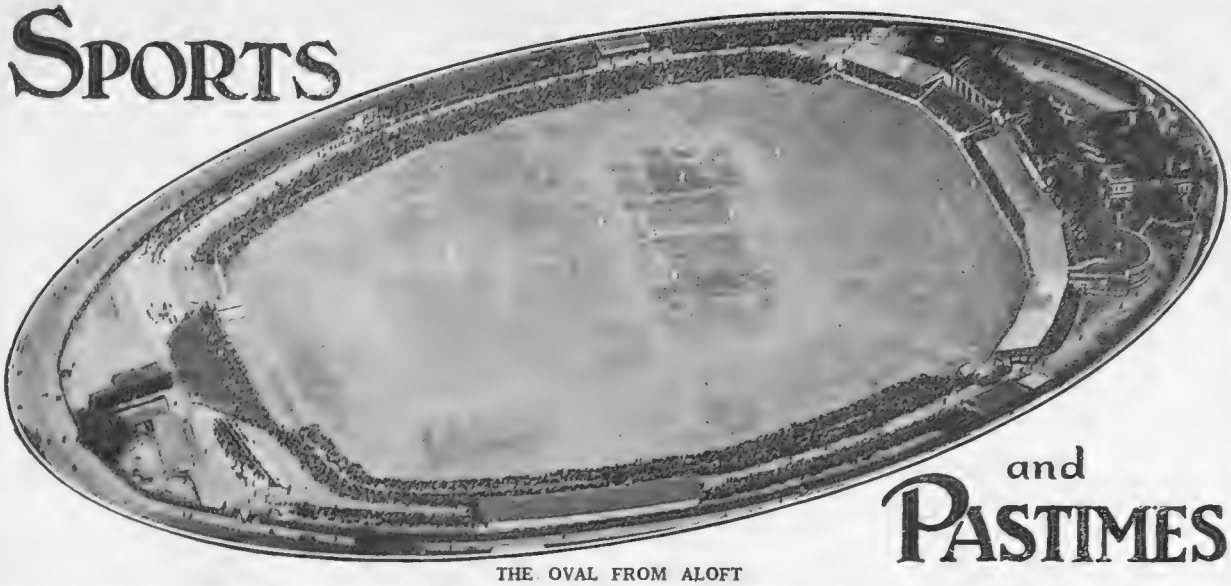
# "No Ball!"




BY ARTHUR MAILEY

TRICKS OF THE TRADE

# SPORTS and PASTIMES



THE OVAL FROM ALOFT

A striking bird's-eye view taken from an aeroplane of the scene of the fifth (and last) Test Match between England and Australia. Unobservant people have been heard to ask why it is called "The Oval." This picture puts the answer as plainly as possible

## YACHTING

### England Wins at Last

NOTHING has been more noteworthy in connection with the revival of yachting than the absorbing interest evoked, not only in the yachting world but outside it, by the International six-metre competition. The last race was sailed on Wednesday last, when the four British yachts brought their aggregate of points scored in the series of six races up to 117, as against 88 scored by the Americans, and so won the Cup by a substantial margin. It should be remembered, however, that in the gale in which the first race was sailed on July 29, the *Grebe*, which came in first, was the only American boat to finish; the other three all sustained damage. They were, therefore, 14 points down to start with. Thenceforward, the racing was more even, but at the finish the British boats had nevertheless succeeded in augmenting their balance of points scored by 15. But it is, at any rate, cheering in these days to know that there is something at which we can beat America.

### The Pick of the Fleet

IF the races, instead of being team races, had been decided on the first past the post principle, England would still have won, for Mr. Basil Gould's *Polly* (steered by Mr. Granville Keele) won three of the races, and Sir William Burton's *Victoria* one, the other two going to the American boat, *Grebe*. *Polly* was at her best in the more or less heavy weather which prevailed during the majority of the races, whilst *Victoria* on the last day proved an admirable light-weather boat. *Grebe* did not seem to mind how hard it blew, but she was also quite fast in the light airs, and finished third in the last race after hitting the ground and losing some time in consequence. The sport provided by races between the smaller yachts is so excellent that we may expect to find greater prominence given to it in the future. To my mind a "class" race between yachts of the same size sailing on level terms is far preferable to a handicap race of almost any description.

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

WILLIAM HITCH

The popular Surrey professional cricketer, who took his benefit at the big match between Surrey and Kent at the Oval last week, when Surrey won after a stirring finish. Besides enjoying a bumper benefit, Hitch contributed largely to the success of his side, and was subsequently asked to hold himself in readiness to play in the last Test

## LAWN TENNIS

### England's Davis Cup Defeat

THE defeat of the British Isles team by Australasia in the second round of the Davis Cup competition was more or less expected. It was realised that in J. O. Anderson, who had beaten Patterson three times and Brookes once, besides having played with distinction for his country in defence of the Cup in 1919, Australasia had a man who would probably be equal to the task of winning both his Singles matches. Consequently, the winning of the other two Singles by our men would be of no avail unless they could win the Doubles match as well, and here they would again be up against Anderson backed by a very efficient partner in C. B. Todd. The chances were, in fact, that Australasia would win by (at least) three matches to two, and this is what actually happened.

### Our Best Chance Lost

ANDERSON beat both Woosnam and Gordon Lowe, but the former (whom he met first) pressed him hard, and was distinctly unlucky to lose the critical third set after gaining an early lead. Thus was our best chance lost. Even after this it seemed possible that Lowe, reputedly a better Singles player than Woosnam, might beat Anderson, but as it turned out Anderson was never in danger of losing, even though he dropped a set in a temporary fit of inaccuracy. As long as he could command sufficient accuracy his attacking shots were strong enough to break through Lowe's defence. Difficult though it may be to beat Lowe, it can be done by anyone who, like Anderson, is a complete master of the all-round game.

*Photograph]* THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS *[Sport and General*

**A group taken in front of the pavilion at Queen's Club, where these Championships were successfully concluded last week. Left to right: H. W. Austin (Repton), winner of the Singles for boys under 16; W. P. Dixon and H. D. Sheldon (Eton), second in the Schools Doubles; C. E. J. Evers (Haileybury), winner of the Singles for boys under 19; Mr. Donald Macleod, the donor of the Cups; H. K. Lester (Leys), second in the under-19 Singles; C. E. W. Mackintosh and R. E. Freason (Eastbourne), winners of the Schools Doubles; and M. V. Callendar, second in the under-16 Singles**

### The Dominance of Anderson

In the case of J. B. Hawkes, the other Australasian Singles player, the boot was on the other leg; he lost both his matches, and Lowe beat him more easily than Woosnam. The Doubles match was hardly the near thing that the score indicates; although it ran to the full five sets the Australians were really the better pair, with Anderson as the dominating personality. Woosnam and Turnbull held their own for three sets, two of which they won, but after that their opponents gained the complete mastery and never, except for a brief period in the fifth set, looked like losing it.

### Looking to the Future

It was, of course, unfortunate that Major Kingscote was unable to make the trip to America. His presence on our side would conceivably have turned the scale in our favour. But his absence, at any rate, placed Woosnam in a position of responsibility which he has filled admirably both as a player and as captain of the side. Though not new to international competition he is far from being an old hand, and the experience he has gained will be of inestimable value to future English sides.

### Very Senior Juniors

The Schoolboys' tournament at Queen's Club last week was a great success, and the standard of play was appreciably higher than that of last year. The only criticism that I have to offer upon it is that it is surely a mistake to put the age limit as high as nineteen for the "senior" events. You have only to look at the illustration on this page to see that several of the successful competitors have long since ceased to be "boys" in the accepted sense of the term and that physically they are at little or no disadvantage as compared with grown men. Evers, the winner of the under-nineteen Singles, in fact played at Wimbledon this year and did by no means badly, and I can see no particular reason why these strapping young men, who are nearly if not quite full-grown, should have a special tournament to themselves. The under-sixteens, on the other hand, *are* boys, and as such are at a physical disadvantage as compared with full-grown men, and there are good reasons why they should be given an opportunity of fighting it out among themselves.

*Photograph* *Photo Illus. Co.*

**MORE ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE YOUNGSTERS**

**A group of competitors at the Ventnor Lawn Tennis Tournament, where the Open Championships of the Isle of Wight, for juniors of both sexes, were held last week**

## THE OLYMPIC GAMES

### The Wrath of the Gods

A short time back I expressed my approval of the reasons given by the Amateur Rowing Association for its resolution not to give its support to the continuance of the Olympic Games. The reply of the British Olympic Council to this resolution will probably have left a good many other people as cold as it has left me. They say, for instance, that (contrary to what the A.R.A. contend) the games *have* helped to foster the Amateur spirit in this and other countries. But can it

*Photograph* *F. E. Hollyer*

**"HENLEY" IN THE FAR EAST**

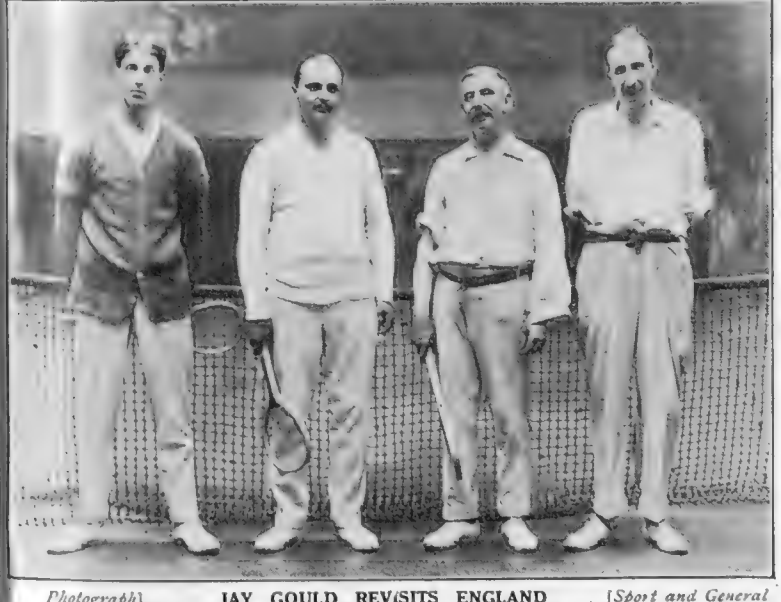
**A view of the course at Henli, near Shanghai, where the Shanghai Rowing Club has held a big regatta for many years past. The principal event is the International race for eights, which dates back to 1866. As will be seen, a sailing race is also included in the programme**

be said that the amateur spirit is fostered by a series of contests in which a nation's chances of success depend very largely upon the amount of money which it is able to put up? And was the Halswell incident a typical instance of the way in which amateurism should be fostered? They further say that no attempt is *now* being made to place the nations in an order of merit based upon the combined results of all the contests. But this used to be done, and its abandonment at the Congress in Paris in 1914 was an admission of the futility of one of the objects with which the Games were instituted.

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**MISS M. SHAW AND N. S. FLINT**

**who distinguished themselves at the recent Marlow regatta in the skiff competitions by winning the elopement race and the mixed pairs**



*Photograph* **JAY GOULD REVISITS ENGLAND** *Sport and General*

**The Champion American Tennis player who is now sojourning in England, paid a flying visit last week to Queen's Club, the scene of his former triumphs, and took part in a four-handed match in which he and S. H. Geldard beat E. B. Noel and Peter Latham, the professional. Left to right: S. H. Geldard, J. Gould, Peter Latham, E. B. Noel**

### Where the Shoe Pinches

THAT the criticisms of the A.R.A. would evoke some sort of protest from the Olympic Council was only to be expected. But it might certainly have been couched in more dignified and more convincing language. Nothing, in fact, could be more undignified than the conclusion arrived at. "The real motive," it is suggested, of the resolution of the A.R.A., "lies in the determination of the A.R.A. to maintain its antiquated Amateur definition." Such a charge, apart from the very questionable taste shown in the making of it, is wholly without foundation, and, even it it were not, there would be many who would give their vote for the antiquated amateur of the rowing world as against the up-to-date article "fostered" by Olympic rivalry.

H. S. S.

# RACING·NOTIONS
## BY "CARBINE"

### The Two-Year-Olds

THE disappointing display given by Fordingbridge at Kempton was a blow to Mr. George Lambton, who thinks a great deal of this filly. She failed to run within a stone of expectations. Either she has been greatly over-rated or she is inclined to be jady. I hate to label any two-year-old with the stigma of soft-heartedness, but Fordingbridge gave the impression at Goodwood, as well as at Kempton, that she has no great liking for racing. This is a pity if true, because she is a grand-looking filly. Incidentally, her failure last week makes it clear that Sicyon did not have a great deal to do when he vanquished her at Goodwood. The two-year-old form has already got into a bit of a tangle. Perhaps we have not yet seen a real champion in public. We must wait until the autumn campaign before we can definitely decide which is the best of the youngsters.

### Two Crack Youngsters

MY own preference at the moment is for Polyhistor. That colt did all that was required of him in irreproachable style when he won the big race at Sandown Park. Among those which finished behind him, Hebrides and Loch Maree have since done well. Polyhistor looks a classic colt. There is not a great deal of him, but he is all quality. You will not find a better-turned youngster, and it will not surprise me if he proves himself as good as Pommern, whom he resembles in some respects. We are awaiting the next appearance of Lord Jersey's Scamp with considerable interest. Many think that he is the best two-year-old yet seen out. Certainly, his performance at Ascot was highly impressive. All being well we shall see Scamp in the field for the Gimcrack Stakes at York next week. His owner is well qualified to make a speech worth listening to at the annual dinner of the Gimcrack Club.

### Can Bracket Win Again?

WHICH will be the pick of Reggie Day's lot in the Cesarewitch? Many jumped to the conclusion some time ago that it would be Flamboyant, who was accordingly backed down to a comparatively short price in some quarters. But it now seems that Flamboyant will go for the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester on September 3, and I have a hint from the right quarter that Bracket, after all, may be the best of the Terrace House horses in the Cesarewitch. You can calculate to within a pound or two the weight she is likely to be apportioned. It is sure to be substantial, but not, I think, prohibitive to her chances of success. It would be a great achievement to win this race two seasons running. Indeed, it would establish a new racing record.

### Stockton

LORD and Lady Londonderry are entertaining their usual big house-party at Wynyard Park this week for the Stockton races, and, naturally, Lord Londonderry likes to have a winner or two at the meeting, and it often pays to follow the local colours. Lord Durham is another owner who is usually well represented at Stockton, while the Hon. George Lambton is taking his usual good team to the meeting. On Wednesday Lord Londonderry has Glanmerin and Polemarch at the head of the Stockton Stewards' Handicap, and I expect the selected of the pair will win. I do not suppose Lembach will be sent to run in the Hardwicke Stakes, so Re-echo should repeat his Redcar success. In his absence **Selene** would be my choice. On the third day Felix Leach's stable should take the Elton Plate with Isle of Wight or Hunting Song. The Middlesbrough Handicap may go to **Daniella.**

### Hurst Park

EVERYBODY is supposed to be "Out of Town," but the metropolitan meetings continue to be wonderfully well supported. The crowds at Kempton Park and Windsor last week, for instance, were exceptionally big. There is sure to be plenty of people at Hurst Park at the end of the week. It was at this meeting last season that Bracket foreshadowed her Cesarewitch triumph by winning the Richemount Plate. This time **Beauregard** appears to have a good chance of winning that race on Friday, while I like **Condover's** chance in the Lennox Plate. On the following afternoon I expect to see **Cistercian** take the Home Park Plate for Mr. Marshall Field, who has begun his racing career in very agreeable fashion. On the same day **Stormcloud** holds a good chance in the Nonsuch Handicap.

E. DE MESTRE By "THE TOUT"

**Who has charge of Mr. "Solly" Joel's horses, appears to have got them right on the top of their form just now. De Mestre is, by the way, a colonial and a confrère of "old man" Wootton—so he ought to know. "Figuring things out" in the background one sees Carslake and Mr. "Solly" Joel**

### The St. Leger

JUST a word of warning regarding the St. Leger. Don't be in a hurry to back either Craig an Eran or Lemonora. Both are at such short prices that you will not lose much by waiting until the day of the race. It is fairly clear that Lemonora is still feeling the effects of his race in Paris, while there were rumours last week to the effect that Craig an Eran had been causing a little anxiety. I hope sincerely they will both be at their best for Doncaster.

# CORELLI

## The Finest Summer Drink

## *Corelli with Soda*

PUT a wineglassful of Corelli Vermouth in a tumbler and fill up with Soda. This makes a delightful summer drink — one that is *really* refreshing and *really* invigorating. Being by far the best Vermouth, Corelli blends *perfectly* with Soda; and as it abounds in tonic properties (derived largely from the Alpine herbs which are a part of its constituents), Corelli and Soda is a health promoting beverage of the very utmost value.

Corelli may be obtained from most Clubs, Restaurants, and Wine and Spirit Merchants. Price 4/6 per bottle; 5/3 per litre.

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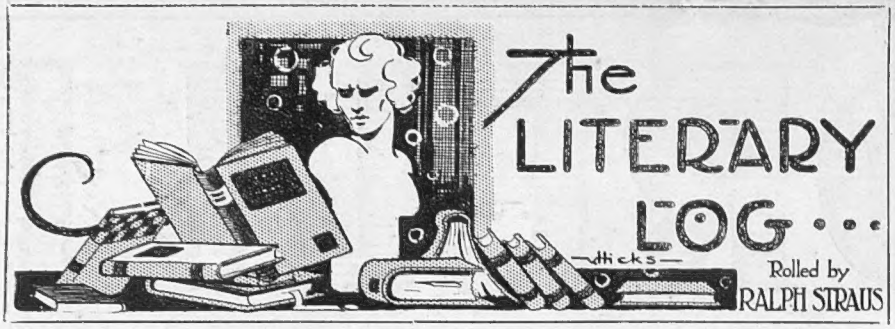


IT must have struck the ordinary beef-eating materialist as peculiar that those vague "influences" from another world which, in fiction, at any rate, filter through to this world of ours, are almost invariably sinister and obscene. Ghosts are rarely kindly disposed, never "good fun"; generally they are vicious and disagreeable beings. But is this really necessary? Could there not be some new sort of Elemental—attached, if necessary, to an old house, or even a slimy pool—who, instead of bringing horror and death with it, produced mirth and wit and worldly success? No, I suppose it would never do: no one would take such a ghost seriously. These uncanny Things, which seem to be becoming more popular every day, must continue to be nasty and slimy, inexorably set on revenge, in league with the traditional Devil, and never satisfied until considerably more than a mere pound of flesh has been given them. For some queer reason, horror seems able to produce a greater fascination than anything else.

* *

AND so Mrs. Nina Toye is, no doubt, right in making the occult forces at work in her new story, *The Shadow of Fear* (Heinemann: 7*s.* net), exceedingly horrible and obscene. The trouble starts with Godfrey Eastleigh's marriage to a widow whom he meets on board a liner. He ought never to have married a woman about whom he knows so little; but marry her he does, and goes to live in a gloomy old house of hers with two gloomy old "family retainers." Queer things begin to happen almost at once. Mrs. Eastleigh's behaviour is very curious, more curious still after her young cousin's arrival in the house. Anne is a good soul who helps Godfrey in his bacteriological work. They do their utmost to save Mrs. Eastleigh from the "forces" at work; but when the full moon is announced you know more or less what to expect. For all that, you certainly do not anticipate that most dreadful scene in the attic. Horror is piled on horror. The mystery is not fully explained, but sufficient is told to give you a workable theory. Mrs. Toye writes well and with a graceful ease: she produces the effect at which she aimed. But in spite of the fact that this seems to be the age of Grand Guignol, I cannot help hoping that her next book will be rather more cheerful and sunny.

* *

MR. GILBERT CANNAN becomes a more and more "uncomfortable" writer as each new book of his appears. It is conceivable that in the far distant future when war shall have ceased to be, his *Pugs and Peacocks* (Hutchinson: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), which is the first of several novels dealing with Britain during the War, may be consulted by historians to explain certain states of mind that were but ill-understood at the time. Mr. Cannan, that is to say, is writing of a little group of people who "objected" to the War. Of his mordant cleverness there can be not a doubt. His portrait of Melian Stokes, a Cambridge don with a European reputation, is a masterpiece. From that cool aloofness which mathematical geniuses are supposed to possess, and do undoubtedly possess, Professor Stokes passes through various stages until he comes to take an active part 'in anti-War propaganda. He meets various pacifists, including a curious young woman (whom some readers will probably want to drown) and Sembal, the Jew (who is to have a book to himself), and a solicitor from the North, who is the last person you would imagine would go to prison for refusing to fight. *Pugs and Peacocks* is the sort of book of which you will thoroughly disapprove and feel yourself justified in so doing, and yet at the same time you will be forced to acknowledge that you have been interested and intrigued and impressed.

* *

"WHEN a pen begins to jig," says Mr. J. B. Morton in *Enchanter's Nightshade* (Philip Allan: 6*s.* 6*d.* net), "a man must write." In this little gem of a book Mr. Morton's pen has jigged to good effect. It is a sort of account of a vagabondage: a few young men walk through a southern county and enjoy quiet adventure and much discussion, not always of weighty matters, and verse and song and all manner of good things such as only young men in love with life can meet with. The papers which go to make up the book are of all sorts and sizes. Here you are told what these young men are going to do for the world, there you have a plea for—exaggeration. Here an old rustic is telling his story, and there is a new song for you. Mr. Morton shows quite clearly what a jolly companion he must have been.

* *

*Alaska Man's Luck* (Fisher Unwin: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), by Hjalmar Rutzebeck, is issued as a novel, but as the author informs us in his preface, the story it embodies is literally true of himself. The title suggests the contents, but gives no hint of the extraordinary adventures which the author underwent in the endeavour to make good and build a home for the woman he loved. These adventures are mightily thrilling, from the time when he is forced through lack of money to travel long distances underneath a train, to the time when hunger causes him to break into a store and steal food. He goes to prison, but escapes. And not once. He is a regular Jack Sheppard. But the law ultimately triumphs and he serves his sentence. Afterwards, however, success comes his way, not from the finding of gold, but in a less precarious manner. R. S.

By Victor Hicks

"OH SO BAD FOR LITTLE MARY!"

# 'BP'

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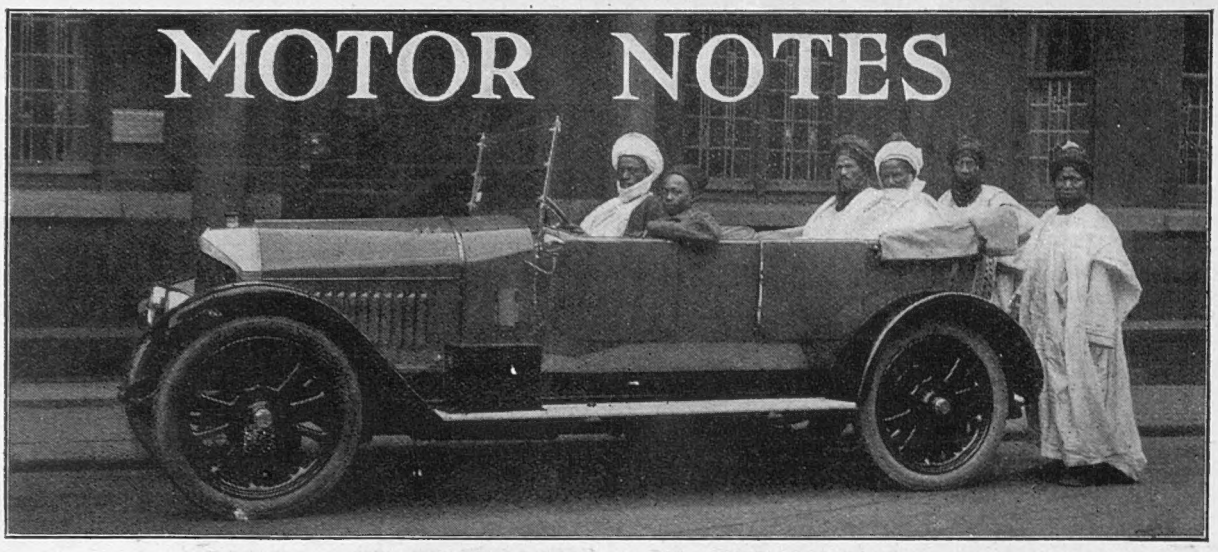
# MOTOR NOTES



THE EMIR OF KATSINA IN HIS CROSSLEY CAR

**The Emir is seated at the wheel with his son beside him. His brother and father-in-law occupy the rear seats of this 19.6 h.p. model Crossley**

ENGLISH motorists who will be visiting France in September will have an opportunity of witnessing some fine speeds at the small car Grand Prix motor-races that will take place on the Sarthe triangular road course at Le Mans on September 17 and the following day. According to the programme issued by the Union Motocycliste de France, whose offices are in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, the first day they will be responsible for a cycle-car race, a new departure in motor-racing in France. The maximum cylinder capacity of the engines of these miniature cars is 1,100 c.c., and the machines will have to comply with the international cycle-car definition in regard to their minimum and maximum weight, size of tyres, etc., entries closing to this body on August 20. If any of our British manufacturers enter for this event I do hope we shall not hear anything in the nature of excuses if they do not win while knowing the speedy qualities of such vehicles as the G.N. and A.V. I hope at the same time these makes will take part in the event.

* * *

As for the small car Grand Prix race to be run at Le Mans on September 18, there will be two races run off at the same time, as the Automobile Club de l'Ouest de France, who are the promoters and organisers of this day's sport, has announced that there will be a race open to cars of 1,500 c.c. engines and one for machines of 2,500 c.c. motors. Their offices are in the Place de la Republique, Le Mans, and entries will be received until August 18 at 1,000, 1,800, and 2,500 francs for one, two and three cars respectively, and 500 francs for each additional car beyond three of the same make. When I was passing through Paris for the big car Grand Prix, run on this same road circuit at Le Mans a fortnight ago, I visited the Darracq works, and saw there a new 1,500 c.c. Darracq of nominal 10 h.p. that should prove an excellent vehicle for those motorists who do not wish for so powerful a carriage as the small eight-cylinder 22 h.p. Darracq. The lay of the chassis is good, the engine develops about 27 h.p., and the whole job looks as if it can well withstand the knocking about on bad roads at a speed of thirty miles an hour and over that French drivers give small cars in that country. It is a new model full of prospects, and is well forward in its manufacturing side of production, so that it should be in the hands of the public in the late autumn. Possibly it may participate in the small car Grand Prix.

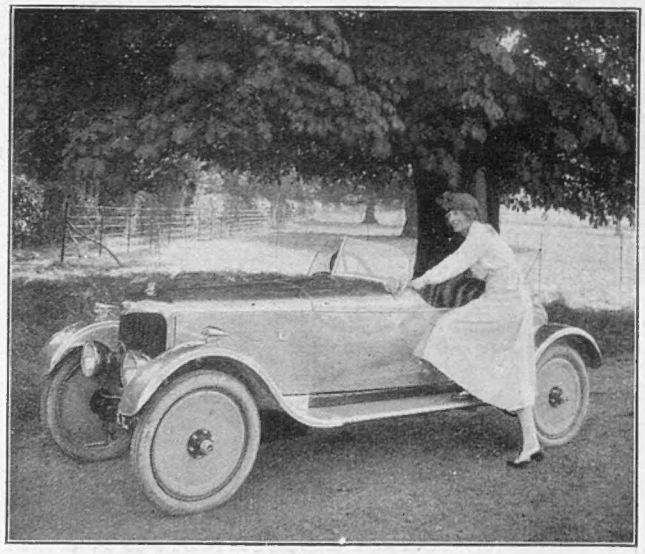
* * *

IN order that British makers of small cars not exceeding 1,600 c.c. cylinder capacity should have plenty of time to prepare their models for the Royal Scottish A.C. six days' light (?) car trials, this northern motoring club has issued the preliminary regulations for this event—a 1,000 miles road test—to be held on June 5 to 10 inclusive, starting from Glasgow. Entries close on April 5, 1922, to the secretary of the R.S.A.C., 163, West George Street, Glasgow, but not more than two cars of any specific make, type, and horse-power will be accepted. Entries will also be limited to four-wheeled cars of a cylinder capacity exceeding 750 c.c. but not exceeding 1,600 c.c., while the classification of the entries will be according to the prices they are to be sold to the public. This classification has not been settled yet, and will not be fixed until the Paris and London motor shows are all over in November.

* * *

SIR JAMES CAMPBELL PERCY, D.L., J.P., *raconteur* and newspaper owner, is having a complimentary dinner given to him by his motoring friends as their appreciation of the knighthood that has recently been conferred upon him on September 15. His book, or, rather, books, on "Bulls and Blunders"—a collection of witty stories, now in three volumes—contain so many personal yarns, "bulls" from the mouths of well-known motorists and other distinguished people, that I know no better cure for grumpiness than half an hour's reading of them. A laugh banishes cares, and his latest volume keeps you smiling so long that afterwards nothing matters.

OLD HY.



JUST OFF!

**Miss Viola Meeking about to drive a 1921 A.C. Sports Model, which has recently made some good times in reliability trials and hill climbs**